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The Pacific

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FOR THE PACIFIC. A CALIFORNIA YEAR.

BY MRS. M. H. FIELD.

How do we know when the spring has come
In this pleasant land by the western sea?
Why, the rainy days grow farther apart,
And the clouds before the north wind flee;
The gardens are blue with forget-me-nots,
And pepper trees scatter their berries red;
The hills with poppies are all aflame,
And linnets and meadow larks sing o'er-head.

How do we know when summer is here?
The sky is one vast, deep vault of blue,
Whence the sun pours down his golden flood,
Unchecked by a cloud the whole day through;
Grain fields are waving and orchards bend low,
Roses and jasmynes hold riotous sway,
While tents are unfolding on mountain and shore,
And the life of the campers is blithe and gay.

What is the sign of the autumn time?
Oh, then the vineyards their splendor show—
Muscats and Hamburgs and Flaming Tokays;
Never were clusters like these, I trow;
But the roadside trees with dust are gray,
Yellow and sere lie the hills and the plain;
The water-courses are parched and dry—
All patiently wait for the beautiful rain.

But the winter, oh, that's the strangest of all!
Instead of the north the south wind blows;
The sweet south wind that brings the rain—
The patterning rain, not wintry snows;
And then the rivulets sing once more;
The hills turn green, and the dear wild flowers
Awake from their sleep, while the furrowed earth
Grows young again with the welcome showers.

OUTING—BLUE LAKES AND POTTER VALLEY.

BY REV. J. W. BRIER, JR.

With foaming steeds, and all the pomp of a hotel on wheels, the outfit dashed with scuttles, hats, shotguns, umbrellas and hardware, we reined up before the watering trough at Valley Home. People who propose to "hide a wee" are received on the veranda by the smiling man of ceremonies. This experienced functionary, this flower of civility, seldom bestows his sweetness on the unproductive camper. He takes the gypsy in at a glance, while the assembled guests indulge in the lengthened stare of the watering-place and the boarder. This is a slightly location. The little hotel overlooks the lake, and has, in open view, the widening dell—a level space notched into the hills, where a few white oaks shadow the sward, but where there is neither spring nor brook nor bit of spangled verdure, nor shaven lawn. The spot has not been neglected, if one may judge by ash-heaps and bedsteads—the latter, home-made and high, raising the sleeper above contact with creeping things and reptiles. It must be remembered that snakes have, from the first, been extremely partial to conditions of extreme felicity. Of all considerable inferior creatures inhabiting these beautiful hills, the rattlesnake alone seems desirous of cultivating a bed-fellow intimacy with man. It is to be hoped that landlords will yet find it desirable to "prepare clean and shady lawns for the accommodation of tourists, who do not prefer to lie against the spine of some ribbed hill, or nest in a thicket with serpents and tarantulas, because such is the alleged custom of the frontier. Why do respectable families go gyping through the land? Because they are sensible in so doing; because our long and rainless summers invite to the hospitality of the open air; because they are in quest, not of languid style, of pitiable ennui, but of pure air and water; the unremitting labors of out-door life; the inspiring novel charms of woodland and pasture, torrent and defile, lake shore, mountain height and "splendor of the hills." Let us push forward to the head of the glen, a league or more, where we shall find a royal welcome, well worth the silver that will be honestly exacted. It means a sward of clover under the walnut trees; water from an artesian well, fed by the heart of the mountain; the best of hay from "Old Philip's" farm; and the richest of milk from his clean-fled cows. True, we shall see no more of the lakes, but we shall hear about them, "For Philip chatters more than bird or brook,"

and his daughters are of gentle manners and pleasing speech. Just yonder, on the rise, we shall pass from Lake to Mendocino. We shall take our leave of singular and unique attractions, and of good roads, at least for a time. Let us make the most of our time. Well, for the situation: There are hills on three sides of us—those to the east, traversed by irregular prairies. When the shadows lengthen across the dell, the *Lepus Asiaticus* will be seen, hopping down from his bushy solitudes, while his little brothers of the burrow will emerge mysteriously, and bewilder the untrained sportsman by their unexpected numbers, and the rapidity of their flight. The undisciplined hunter smiles grimly at his unavailing, involuntary and aimless feints, while bevies of quail are

whirring on every hand, and exasperating little bunches of cotton are fairly twinkling in the gloam. He treats himself to biting sarcasms, but does not return empty-handed to camp, until his self-respect is fortified by many arguments ingeniously woven to convince his satirical companions. I am not afraid of snakes, especially when there is no occasion; but I venture to question mine host, in order to "make assurance doubly sure": "Do snakes—rattlesnakes—often venture into your premises?" "Have no fear, sir? Where there are four hundred young chickens, there is no danger of rattlesnakes." Who said anything about being afraid? Here, however, was a new trouble. I could not help thinking that a brace of serpents would hardly cause a livelier panic than so many of these fangless gormandizers, fatally bent on jumping before their time into the frying-pan, and "from the frying-pan into the fire." What did the oracular old gentleman mean? Did the birds swallow the reptiles, or did the reptiles so gorge themselves with the birds as to become helpless, and in their turn die under the vengeful stroke of their greatest enemy? Avast! writhing specters!

"Why, being gone, I am myself again." We are in the very atmosphere of rest. Our eyes are full of speculation. These genial young women can tell us all that is known of the mysterious lakes. One of them secured an open bottle at the end of a strong line, many fathoms in length, and, having rowed to the middle of the upper lake, threw her plummet overboard. It filled at once, and sank to a great distance, when, suddenly, it was caught by a powerful current, and swept far under the mountain that rises abruptly from the western margin. It is a curious hint that this body of water may be fed by a subterranean river debouching into the ocean, whence its alleged tidal motion and surprising sympathy with stormy agitations of the sea. That great serpent of aboriginal tradition—might it not have been the elusive dragon encountered in so many waters?—a monster also discovered by a colporteur while passing from Lakeport to Ukiah, unless my honest informers were the dupes of an innocent delusion. For my own part, I suspect it was only a "shoal of fish."

We have taken our breakfast under the walnut trees, having stolen a march in the grey of the morning on the sturdy feathered omnivora. We have folded our tents, paid our reckoning and said our adieu. It is decided to make a camp on Mount Sanhedrim, two stages to the north; eight miles by information, twelve by our time and the weariness of our spine; twelve miles of canyon-road, much of it execrable, and we have come to a fork, one time thereof pointing to the right, Potter Valleyward, the other soon to branch for Redwood Valley, Little Lake and Ukiah. We have long cherished a wish to see the first of these valleys, wherefore I know not. Having gratified this wish, I wonder we did not prefer the nearer and better way. It is two leagues, or more, through the crooked throat of the hills into the mouth of the valley; then it is a league to our resting-place. As we journey, the sun drinks up the dews, all freshness is blown out of the landscape, and, towards noon, an autumnal haze envelops the hills, from which comes to us the piping of the quail and the distant fluting of some bird, delighting in solitude. At last the atmosphere becomes sluggish and oppressive. A thunderstorm is brewing around the summits of Snow mountain, Sanhedrim and St. John. Vast piles of snowy cloud rise and topple, as though they would fall in headlong ruin to the hills. Secure in the porch of a farmhouse, we observe the mysterious motions of the storm. There are plumed captains of the host; there is march and countermarch, the forming of battle lines, the wheeling of batteries into play. At length the belligerent armies meet in a passionate embrace, and the long roll of heaven's artillery, down through the black confusion where the blinding violet flame has cloven a ragged way proclaims the conflict to a hushed and listening world. Although the "one-half world" seemed to be overcast, we were really under the edge of the storm, so that, at its climax, we only caught a few heavy drops; but its breath swept down upon field and forest, and when its mutterings were heard no more the birds began to sing.

KIND WORDS.

EDITORS PACIFIC: It gives me pleasure to tell you that THE PACIFIC comes like a sweet harbinger of spring to a sufferer who is, to a great extent, confined to the house; and it so meets the wants of one prevented from engaging in many of the duties and pleasures of life that she wishes it Godspeed, and sincerely hopes that to other of earth's afflicted it may prove "a wellspring of joy." M. W. S.

The expression of truth is simplicity.

SOME THOUGHTS APPROPRIATE TO EASTER.

WHAT IS THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST TO ME?

First.—It is a proof of his Messiahship. It had been predicted in the 16th Psalm a thousand years before his advent, that his life should not expire in the grave, or his material body see corruption; and if Jesus was the Christ, this prophecy must be fulfilled in his resurrection.

Second.—He himself had repeatedly asserted that he would rise from the dead; and, had he failed in this, all confidence in his other claims and assertions would have been destroyed. On the contrary, when this was realized, it was a firm foundation for his apostles to stand upon, as they sought to set up his kingdom on the earth.

Third.—Jesus had invited all men to trust their eternal life to his care, and assured all who did so that they should be raised up at the last day and receive immortality at his hands. (John vi: 39, 40, 44, 54.) And at I Cor. xv: 14, 17, 18, Paul says that if Jesus did not rise from the dead, we are still under condemnation. Upon his resurrection of the life which he had laid down as an expiatory offering for the sins of the world, that thereby he might redeem from death a race upon which that penalty rested, depended all hope in his power to fulfill his promise of giving immortality to those who trusted in him. We do not fly for protection when in danger to one who has himself been overcome by a common enemy, nor would we commit our safety when in danger of drowning to one whom we saw struggling in the waves, unable to keep himself from sinking; neither could we trust in Jesus Christ for eternal life unless, through his own rising from the grave, he had demonstrated that he was Sovereign in the realm of life and death. God requires faith supreme and implicit in himself as the first condition of pleasing him; and this condition binds all his intelligent creatures, whether of our own or other races; for the inspired Word is, "Without faith it is impossible to please him." But our Creator has endowed us with reason, and would have us act under its control, and never demands from us that which reason, guided by the light he is willing to give, does not approve. The faith which enabled Abraham to offer on the altar his son was not without foundation, for Isaac himself was a witness of the faithfulness of God, and the strongest kind of an incentive to absolute faith in, and dependence upon, God, under conditions the most unlikely to issue in favorable results. In all ages, so far as the sacred record shows, when God has required extraordinary exercises of faith on the part of his servants, he has given them unusual manifestations of his power and goodness. Witness Moses at the burning bush (Ex. iv: 1-9); the signs in Egypt and at the Red Sea; and the entire experiences of the children of Israel during their journey through the wilderness, as given in the Book of Exodus. The faith of Joshua was stimulated by the passage of the Jordan. (Josh. iii: 16; iv: 18.) So it was with Gideon when God excited and strengthened his faith by the miracle of the fleece. (Judges vi: 36-40.) But it is needless to multiply examples, of which the Bible is full, showing that God does not demand a blind, unreasonable belief, but an intelligent, fruitful faith. Now, if this is so in matters relating to things of time, how much more may we look for a like compassion for, and condescension to, our infirmity when matters of eternal and most momentous import are involved. Jesus Christ claims to be the sole author of the eternal destinies of men. John v: 21 says, "For, as the Father raiseth up the dead and giveth them life, even so the Son giveth life to whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son"; and, at verse 26, "For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself, and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of Man." John iii: 36 says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." John vi: 54 says, "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." At John xiv: 19 Jesus says, "Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also"; and at verse 28, "Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away and come again unto you. . . . And now I have told you before it comes to pass that when it is come to pass ye might believe."

This, then, is to us the meaning and value of the resurrection from the dead of Jesus. It assures us beyond the possibility of mistake that he was from God, for, had he been an impostor, God never would have aided his imposture by such a miracle; neither could he have wrought it on his own behalf. Thus assured that Jesus came from God, we can accept and implicitly rely upon his teachings as the indisputable truth of God; and this leads up to the assurance of his divinity, for he specifically asserts at John v: 23, x: 30, and xiv: 9, his unity with the Father. And at John xvi: 15 he claims all that pertains to the Father as equally inhering in himself. Thus, the resurrection from the dead of Jesus Christ assures us of the truth of his teachings, the majesty of his person, the supremacy of his will, and invites our absolute and unqualified belief in, and dependence upon, him for the transforming power of his spirit here and eternal life hereafter.

SALEM LETTER.

I fancy that we, the dwellers in this wide, wealthy West, do not often pause to enjoyably realize the exhilaration that the advancing forces around us produce upon our own minds. To have a share in all these rearrangements insures a degree of value to every worker. The settler in the woods, grubbing and burning, opening up new fields for future plowing, must be a more hopeful man than he who tills old fields, where generations have toiled before him. Pastor Harris preached not long since on "The Possibilities of 1888." It is a wise thing for us to do if we pause occasionally and consider the possibilities of our time and place. We shall be in the line of our own betterment, to borrow a good old English word that Bunyan has kept for us, if we strive to reach forward, if so be we may attain to the good that lies before us.

Our capital is—slowly as compared with some of your California towns—coming to be somewhat cityfied. Last year we received the mail-carrier system, increased the number of our electric lamps, and built a free bridge across the Willamette river. The bridge was built by the San Francisco Bridge Company, and we were glad to hear that in their financial straits last winter a satisfactory arrangement was made, and they were able to make terms with their creditors and continue their work. This year we begin with the signal stations. We are just learning the signs of the weather by the latest style. Oregon, or, more literally, Willamette Valley, weather is not to be easily predicted. Just how surely we shall follow suit to the indications in San Francisco we wait to see. This spring, as other springs in this land have done beforetime, brings to mind Hawthorne's observation in "Marble Faun," of Italy. He says: "The advance of vegetation in this softer climate is less abrupt than the inhabitant of the cold North is accustomed to observe. Beginning earlier, even in February, spring is not compelled to burst into summer with such headlong haste; there is time to dwell upon each opening beauty and to enjoy the budding leaf, the tender green, the sweet youth and freshness of the year. It gives us its maiden charm before settling into the married summer, which, again, does not so soon sober itself into matronly autumn." Quite as loiteringly as usual this spring makes her tardy approaches. Peach, plum and cherry trees stand with puffed buds waiting her call. Chill, frosty nights offset the influence of bright, sunny days; but the covenant of the sun and moon is never broken, and we abide in the confidence of Easter hopes.

Our Roman Catholic neighbors are moving in the matter of a new church building. In Salem they are not strong in numbers, except that they have a large girls' school in a fine brick building. There are about twenty boarding pupils, and perhaps as many more outside. The new house of worship to be built is already planned for, and will probably be finished this summer. Theirs is the only place of worship that makes room for, and welcomes, the Indians as participants.

March 17th, our big bridge, of which I spoke before, was the scene of its first tragedy. A foreman, unknown man, climbed the railing and took the fatal leap, sixty feet above the water. It was in the afternoon—broad daylight—and his falling form was seen by many persons, but no one was near enough to distinctly describe him, and none were able to reach the river in boats before he disappeared. Even yet no positive clue to his identity has been found. It must be that hope deserts a soul, and despair fills it with confusion and woe, before the project of deliberate self-destruction is entertained. Men kill themselves slowly, set in motion the causes that will effect their ruin, all around us. We grow used to it, but these violent, decisive measures always shock and startle. Not a Sunday School.

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. Inquiries will be answered.

LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD, March 5, 1888.

The installation of a convert from the Baptist Church into the pastorate of the Park church—Rev. L. L. Potter—has been the occasion of considerable talk in and out of religious circles in the State. First, it was charged of him that it was a mercenary motive which led him to forsake his Congregational fields, so attractive now to men of the right sort. It is said of Mr. Potter that he is inordinately ambitious, and that it will be no surprise to those who know him best to learn of a serious move on his part to take Plymouth pulpit, Brooklyn. I have met him frequently, and give him credit for honesty, sincerity and rare good sense in leaving the Baptist for the Congregational denomination. If he had become an Episcopalian I should have thought no less highly of him; but if he keeps on changing I cannot tell what I shall have to say next. He preaches to those who have been accustomed to hear sermons from Rev. Dr. Bushnell and Rev. Dr. Burton in Park church pulpit, and such exchanges as these men brought about. Of course, it will not be strange if more leave the church, as some have done already. Deacon Rodney Dennis, Secretary of the Travelers' Insurance Company, has resigned at the Park church, and attends upon Dr. Walker's ministrations at the First or Center church.

There is an urgent demand for a new Congregational church on Asylum Hill in Hartford. There has been a large growth of population in the western part of the city, who are inadequately provided with accommodations for church worship. The horse-cars on Sunday mornings are an imperfect means of conveyance. Several readjusting plans are proposed among the Christian people who carry these things on their hearts; and, very likely, in the course of the present year, steps of progress will be taken to clear up the case which, from week to week, becomes more urgent and presses upon the attention of our good people.

In all the cities of the State the interest in evangelic enterprise is increasing in a commendable manner. Since the great meeting in Washington of the Evangelic Alliance, the subjects of that meeting have permeated far away. At Boston the Branch Committee holds meetings for pronouncing upon the acceptable character of the workers enlisting in the scheme of operations.

The cities throughout New England grow, many of them, at the expense of the country towns. The causes for this are found in the presence of railroads and rapid means of communication, and the greater attractiveness of life in the city to life in the country. There are two-score large cities in New England. Connecticut has nearly a dozen such cities, which owe their place and influence to manufactures and the railroads. The problems of church life should be studied. In New Haven, Bridgeport, Norwich, Waterbury, at Hartford, New London, Meriden and New Britain, Christians have had their intelligence narrowed upon home interests. This is right and proper. We do not say, by any means, that affection and regard for the country churches should be slackened, but we believe in an awakened fervor for both classes of work.

At Yale Theological Seminary this year the lectures in the Lyman Beecher course have been given by Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, D.D., editor of the *Sunday-School Times* of Philadelphia. His subject was "The Sunday-School." Every phase in which this interesting subject can present itself was elaborately treated. Dr. Trumbull, by his paper, which circulates over a hundred thousand copies in the Sunday-schools of the country, by his valuable books and his numerous lectures, is doing a work in our day hardly second to that of any man in the American Church. Rev. Dr. Griffin of Boston is giving a series of two lectures at Yale, and later Dr. John Hall of New York will address the students in Marquand and Battell chapels.

Several lectures at Hartford Theological Seminary this year, on the "Carew Foundation," were given by Professor Young, the astronomer of Princeton. Rev. Dr. Francis L. Patton, Princeton's new President, will lecture here next month. G. G. M.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond concluded his services at Grass Valley last Sabbath, and, with Mrs. Hammond, came to this city yesterday. They are stopping a few days at the Lick House, where many friends will doubtless take great pleasure in calling upon them. We are not advised of their future movements, but hope their stay on our Coast, and in our city, will be much prolonged, and that a still greater work may be done for the Master. Nearly one hundred professed conversion during the meetings at Grass Valley, which continued eight days.

Remember death, and sin no more.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary street, S. F.

NOTICE.

The Woman's Board of Missions will hold its monthly meeting at Bethany church, on Bartlett street, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets San Francisco, at 2 P. M. Meeting of Executive Committee at 1.

"IN DEATHS OFF."

Not only the aged, whose footsteps have stood upon the brink of the river for many years, and whose work has been practically finished for this life—not only these pass over to the other side, but the young, also, and those in the midst of their days of usefulness.

Our beloved Broosa has met with another loss, a great bereavement; now it is Mrs. Crawford, the young wife of Rev. Mr. Crawford, who, in her youthful life and enthusiasm, was preparing to take up the work in our school. But the summons has come to her ere she had scarcely taken a look at this work. We know but little of the circumstances of her death, and that little is from Eastern papers. But our hearts go out in tender sympathy to the bereaved husband and the sorrowing home in New England, and also to the girls in the Broosa school, again bereft. Who will supply the places of those who are gone? Again, news has come across the waters of the death of another of our valued missionaries.

DEATH OF MR. LOGAN.

Friends of missions everywhere will be greatly pained to learn of the death of Rev. R. W. Logan in Ruk, Micronesia. His wife is thus left alone on that far-off island. These devoted servants of Christ went to Micronesia in 1874, and were located at first at Ponape. In November, 1879, they were transferred to Oniop. Later they visited the United States; in 1882, for their health, returning in 1884 to the island of Ruk, occupied by them, for the first time, as a mission station. While in this country Mortlock hymn-books, readers, spelling-books, were published by them, and, what is of still more importance, the New Testament and Bible stories in the same tongue. A co-worker writes of them as "thoroughly devoted, intensely practical, and thus accomplishing wonders among the weak, ignorant natives." And now poor Micronesia is stricken again! Mrs. Logan, with her son and daughter, will return to this country, but the work will go on. The A. B. C. F. M. are about to erect on the island a schoolhouse, to cost \$1,500, towards which our Board contributes \$500.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MRS. HARRIET GULICK CLARK.

December 21st.—Our house warming was a wedding, and no prettier bride nor daintier clothing could have been asked than graced our home that night. The ceremony was performed, hands were shaken, speeches made—one by Mr. Clark, welcoming all to our home, and thanking Mr. Neshiyama for getting up this pleasant house-warming for us. Three great cakes of mochi and sweetened beans, done up in individual papers, were given to each.

January 3, 1888.—This past week has seen our first genuine callers, to whom I served coffee, crackers and figs, and who brought a pretty vase; our first sight-seers, who brought oranges and biscuit; our first company to tea, Uncle Oramel's family, and our first prayers with the servants, which is now an established evening institution, and to which we are going to admit all who will come.

NEW YEAR'S.

Yesterday was New Year's, and all Japan shut its stores, donned its best clothes, and made calls. Between thirty and forty of our immediate neighbors and their children came in, ate crackers and cookies, heard the Bible read and expounded by a Christian native. We sang a few hymns to them, and, at the last, they got the melody of "Jesus Loves Me" somewhat, and sang with us. Then they were invited to come to me on Thursday for teaching in fancy work, and on Sunday again for a song. Please pray for us and our work. To-morrow we hope to have Sidney [her brother], Cara [his bride, from Oakland], Aunt Julia [Miss Julia Gulick], and Miss Clark [from Vermont] all in Kumamoto. January 4th.—They have all come; arrived at 1:30 A. M. We are happy.

A NEW THEOLOGY.

[A paper read before the Stockton Ministerial Association by Rev. E. J. Biggs, pastor of the Congregational church.]

To judge by the outcry that is made in certain quarters whenever a new theology is mentioned, one would suppose that theological changes had been hitherto unknown. That past generations have struggled with the problems presented by an Old and a New Theology is not remembered; and, although most of us who have been trained in the school of Calvin are of the new and not of the old theological party, we are apt to forget the struggles through which the New School Theology secured for itself a recognition and standing, and that the freedom of thought it has made possible for us is a freedom that has been purchased at a great price.

It is not presumed by those who advocate the claims of a New Theology that any statement of belief that has been made, or can be made, is a finality. It is expected that the New Theology of to-day will be superseded by a still newer in the generations to come, and that by another newer yet, and so on to the end. In fact, I may say that those who are most prominently identified with the New Theological movement disclaim the title "New Theology" as misleading and inappropriate, and prefer to use the term "Progressive Orthodoxy." They object to it as misleading, because they claim that, in the main, their theology is not new, but only a going back to first principles. The prevailing theology is Augustinian, having its beginnings with the great father of Latin theology in the fourth century. But, before this, was another school, the Alexandrian, or the Greek, which reaches back to a much earlier period, and which, presumably, was less corrupted by tradition or spoiled by human philosophies. The New Theological movement, then, in this view of it, is an attempt to separate from prevailing theological beliefs these later accretions, and to get back to the simplicity that is in Christ. It has less reverence for the traditions of the elders than is characteristic of the Older Theology, and believes that we should no more go back to Calvin or Arminius for our theology than to Bacon for our science, or Plato for our philosophy; that the true theologian of to-day must be born to-day and speak the thought and language of to-day; and, if to say this, shall seem to conflict with what has already been said concerning the agreements of the New Theology with the theology of the Greek fathers, it will be understood, of course, that I am referring more particularly to the substance of doctrine than to the form. Each age must make its own statement of theological truth. Certain advances in scientific knowledge make a restatement of such truths imperatively necessary in our own day. The age in which we live is characterized by a general increase in intelligence. Truths once accepted as beyond dispute are now everywhere questioned. The old answers will no longer do. We must either abandon the field to the enemy, resort to methods of defense, the weakness of which is apparent to every one of us, or seek some new form of statement that will commend itself to the intellect and conscience of the age.

The objection is also made to the term "New Theology" as inappropriate, because it is not a theological system; neither do those who sympathize with it aim at formulating a set of doctrinal truths which shall be welded into one distinct and harmonious whole. The belief with many is that too much has already been done in this direction, and that great harm has been wrought by the attempt to formulate theological systems, which have too often been to men in place of the truth of God which is broader and deeper than any human explanation of it can be; and that these same systems have often been a fetter and a restraint upon the minds of men, making men to rest contentedly in the declarations of a logically consistent system of truth rather than to lead them to an independent and untrammelled search after truth, wherever that truth may be found. It is further believed that the day is past when some master-mind as Augustine, or Calvin, or Arminius, can so dominate the world of religious thought as to impose upon it a system which shall be to the great body of Christian believers what the theological systems of the past have been. The New Theology, I think, will aim at teaching religious truth suggestively rather than by dogmatic statement; and just here is the difficulty under which one must labor who attempts to speak of the New Theology. What are its greatest excellencies in the opinion of its advocates, expose it to the charge of indefiniteness and incoherence. One hardly needs to be told what disadvantages the New Theology, which, so to speak, is all in the air, must labor under when compelled to justify itself in the face of a definite and logically consistent system formulated ages ago, and whose every weak point has been repeatedly and systematically strengthened to meet the assaults of its adversaries. My impression is that the New Theology will seek rather to modify existing systems than to construct a new one; that it is evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

The question then arises, In what way will it seek to modify or to change existing beliefs? And, in undertaking to answer this question, I claim no right to speak with authority. Doubtless, many of those who are more or less in sympathy with the New Theological movement

would emphatically disavow their belief in some of the positions here taken or stated. My purpose is merely to set forth the tendencies of this movement in some of its more important phases, as they present themselves to an interested and somewhat sympathetic observer.

I think, then, that the New Theology will emphasize an orthodoxy of the heart, rather than of the head. It will put love before knowledge, life before creed. It believes that a man's character is not made by his creed, any more than his creed is made by his character. It will be more tolerant of divergences from accepted beliefs; and will recognize, more than has hitherto been done, the limitations of human knowledge, and the impossibility of formulating any theological system that shall embrace the whole truth of God. In regard to many things that have heretofore been the subject of much speculation, the New Theology will be simply agnostic. It will make no pretensions to omniscience, but will freely confess its ignorance. It will not rely so much as the Older Theology has done upon batteries of proof-text—a custom, which, in the judgment of many, has done more than anything else to overthrow the popular reverence for the Scriptures, and has given point to the exclamation so often heard, "that you can prove anything from the Bible!" The proof of a doctrine must lie in the reasonableness of it. If the essential truths of the Bible do not commend themselves to the judgment and conscience of men, no amount of bolstering with proof-texts will secure for them a genuine acceptance. A man's reason may be overborne, it is true, by weight of argument, but we seek not only to persuade the intellect, but to move the heart.

I think, also, the New Theology will differ from the old in the view it will take of human life as education, rather than as probation. Probation is but incidental, rather than primary. The idea of life as probation is of comparatively recent origin. Calvinism, unadulterated, knows nothing of probation, as that doctrine is taught to-day. According to Calvin, we all had our probation ages ago in Adam, and we all fell. And, since that time, the Creator, unwilling to repeat the experiment made in the Garden of Eden, has included all men under condemnation for the sin they committed generically in Adam. "For in Adam we all died." And now God elects us to everlasting life, not because of any good that he sees in us, but out of pure grace and for his own glory; condemning at the same time certain others to everlasting death, one of that righteous sovereignty that is his, and which entitles him to do as he pleases, rendering to no man a reason. Now, the New Theologians are mostly men of weak digestion, and are unable to stomach this strong meat of a high Calvinism. They regard life, in its largest and broadest sense, as educational and disciplinary, rather than as probationary. The whole drift of our Saviour's teaching is believed to be in this direction. Christ is the Great Teacher. His followers are disciples—that is, pupils or learners. "Come, learn of me," he says. Trial, probation, is but incidental. When you send your child to school, it is of necessity put upon trial, every day's work is a test, a probation; but the main object is education, a discipline and development of the intellectual faculties. So the purpose of our entering the School of Christ is the development, the unfolding, of the higher faculties, the moral and the spiritual.

The New Theology will also differ from the Old in that it will be Christocentric rather than Theocentric. Instead of making the divine justice or the divine sovereignty the starting-point in a system of theology, it would make the love of God as manifested in Jesus Christ. It believes that God is love, and not that God is justice. Or to state it more accurately, it believes that justice is but a certain form and manifestation of love. We actually know little or nothing of the moral attributes of God except as they are revealed to us in the person of his Son, "who is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." The God of Calvinistic Theology (high Calvinism) and the God of the Bible, as made known to us in Jesus Christ, are in the estimation of many two widely different persons. In an age when all human government was arbitrary and despotic, men formed their conceptions of God, and these conceptions were more or less shaped and colored by the opinions that were entertained by the common people concerning their earthly rulers. And the God of theology has been as are the kings of this world—wielding absolute power in an arbitrary and despotic fashion, decreeing the life of one and the death of another for no other reason than his own unfathomable and sovereign will. And so the central figure in the system of Calvin resembles nothing else so much as an Oriental despot, dispensing his favors and meting out his penalties without regard to human desert, but out of pure caprice and willfulness. The New Theology will emphatically protest against this barbaric conception of Deity, and will insist that the true idea of God and his government is to be gained, not by deductions drawn from the functions and attributes of earthly rulers, but by what is revealed to us in the life and character of his Son. It will magnify the love of God more than his justice, and will endeavor to make more real the fatherhood of God, a truth which has been obscured and lost sight of in the effort that has been made to vindicate the divine sovereignty.

I think also that a New Theology will give us a view of the Bible, of its inspiration and authority, that will differ somewhat from the commonly accepted one.

The received theory of the Bible and its infallibility has grown out of the universally felt demand for something that is authoritative and final. What Roman Catholics have been accustomed to find in the Pope, and the Church speaking through the Pope, the Protestant has sought in the Scriptures, which to him are the infallible word of God. But the objections urged by Catholics to an infallible book as useless, unless we can have also an infallible interpretation of that book, have long been felt by those who have given the matter any careful consideration. A belief in the infallibility of the Scriptures has certainly not resulted in a complete unity of belief among those who hold it, for the interpretations of the Scriptures are almost as various as are the people who attempt to interpret them. It is of little use to say that we agree in essentials, for if things in which we disagree are non-essential the more shame for us to contend so bitterly about them. If anybody believes that evangelical sects are in entire agreement as to the essentials of religion, let him propose a union between some of the separated bodies; e. g., let him propose that the Cumberland Presbyterians, the United Presbyterians, and all others of the Presbyterian order, come together in one body. Or let him propose that all the Methodists, North and South, become one field, having one shepherd, and the opposition to such proposals sure to be manifested would speedily convince one that the differences existing between these various bodies is not so slight as is sometimes made to appear. That we have the law and the testimony to appeal to in disputed matters has not resulted in reconciling our differences, for disputants everywhere have applied their theological racks and thumb-screws to favorite texts and exorted from them such meanings as were necessary to the defense of their chosen positions. And thus the Scriptures have often been brought into disrepute among fair-minded people, and the exclamation has been that you can prove anything from the Bible that you please.

(Concluded next week.)

CHARACTER AS RELATED TO ORATORY.

BY J. C. DORWARD.

The brilliant speaker who is desirous of high moral character may be likened to the great image of Nebuchadnezzar's dream. It had seemingly great strength as well as great beauty. Its head was of fine gold, its breast and arms were of silver, its thighs of brass and its legs of iron. It had only one fault, but it was fatal—"the feet were part of iron and part of clay," and the great image, so imposing and apparently so strong, was utterly destroyed because of the weakness of its foundation.

Moral character of a very high order the orator must have. Pure water cannot flow from an impure fountain. Eloquent speech must have its spring in an eloquent life. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Persuasive eloquence has its proper setting in persuasive character. It is not what men say that strikes us most, it is what they are. The life must testify to the sincerity of the tongue. If we would be leaders of men, we must inspire confidence in men. No speaker or writer, however talented he may be, can ever hope for permanent success if his character does not adorn the doctrine he preaches. He may have a temporary glory, born of the glitter and show of a superficial philanthropy; but the tarnishing of time will show that the gold, after all, was but brass, and the silver, tinsel.

We are not to be surprised at this. The same law holds in the various conditions of life. It is inherent in the very nature of things. Only truth can stand the wrecks of time. Self-evident as this principle is, it seems difficult to persuade men of its infallibility. Conscious of towering head and shoulders above the people in the greatness of their intellect and the brilliancy of their genius, they hope to establish themselves thus forever, irrespective of the character which is beneath all. Not so! Instinctively we know it cannot be so. Lives, both of the great who have succeeded, and the great who have failed, prove the unflinching law. Feet of clay cannot sustain an image of gold and silver and brass and iron. The "thunders of a Demosthenes" or the persuasive eloquence of a Cicero have their power over men only so far as they can be recognized as the voice of God.

Undoubtedly, some men do have a measure of success, the tendency of whose teaching is false and demoralizing—Robert Ingersoll, for instance. But it can only be temporary. His name as an orator cannot live after him. His name, if it live at all, will be as an apostle of infidelity, not a benefactor and a lifter-up of his brethren. The measure of success he has been able to secure (if success it can be called) he owes, in part, to the fact that his outward life is better than his creed. Let him but turn around and preach the truth, and his name shall become great. Let him put himself in the position of a leper to raise fallen humanity, and he will raise for himself a monument which will stand while the centuries roll.

The greatest forces of nature are the silent forces. The thunder may be startling, but the force of gravitation is great. The lightning flash for a moment may strike terror, but the beams of

light, radiating so gently from the all-glorious center of light, and filling all nature with life and beauty, is greater far. Force is intangible and not easy to define. It is not in the trappings of the warrior. You may clothe a coward in armor so that in times of peace he may look a very tower of strength. But he still retains his coward heart, and will be the first to flee before the enemy. The might and the power lie in the spirit of the man. The sword of the warrior is great in the pulling down of strongholds in proportion as the spirit is great that wields it—Wherein lay the weakness of Aaron Burr? In his character. Wherein lay the strength of Abraham Lincoln? The same answer—in his character. By the force of character a man rises or falls.

Words which are to live in the hearts of the people must go forth from the orator instinct with life. They must bear upon them the impress of his own character. If the life within him be strong and his spirit that of a Jacob, who could wrestle with an angel and prevail, then shall the words which go forth have power with God and men. But if, on the contrary, the truth be not in him, if the life eternal throb not in his bosom, then the words which proceed from that soul must bear its impress—death. A very choice bit of rhetoric it may be, like a wreath of wax flowers, delighting the sense by its beautiful imitation of nature, but, like all imitations, worthless, dead. High moral character, then, we hold to be absolutely essential to success in addressing men. Men must see in the speaker a character above reproach, if he would win their confidence. Integrity, sincerity, earnestness of purpose, clearness of thought, directness of aim, supreme love to God and his neighbor as himself—all must enter in, and be a part of the man who would persuade men.

THE CONGRESS OF THE NATIVES IN INDIA.

The utterances of leading Mohammedans in India on the action of the recent native congress in Madras, indicate the extent of the race animosities which oppose the growth of a distinctively national sentiment in that empire. The practical demand of the congress, it will be remembered, was for representative institutions, as the logical and inevitable outcome of English teachings, and included, among other reforms, the admission of elected members into the supreme and local legislative councils. In a recent speech at Lucknow, however, by a prominent Mohammedan, this demand was repudiated for the Moslem population, on the ground that the Bengalee, with their modern education and greater fluency of speech, would control the electorate, while at the same time they would represent no one but themselves. That this would be the inevitable result was evidenced by the status of local government boards formed on a basis of competitive examination, in none of which had Mohammedans anything like equal representation, and in few of which could they hope to have. The present system of appointing members of legislative councils was, the speaker held, the only one which would secure a fair representation of the different races of India, as it was the only one which would be endured by the military races. Such utterances are, of course, a practical admission that the Mohammedans are inferior to the Hindus in intelligence as well as in numbers, and that their only hope of maintaining equal control in the government lies in the assertion of their social and military prestige. At the same time it betrays an intolerance of, and contempt for, the Hindus which, were representative institutions once secured, might lead to quick rebellion, and which, at least, will strengthen the claim of England of its right to rule. That rests, if at all, upon the preservation of the balance between races essentially diverse, which would at once relapse into war if the controlling hand were withdrawn, and which are even now only prevented from gratifying traditional hatreds by the pressure of superior force. With the introduction of electoral representation, the Mohammedans could not hope to retain the share of government to which their numbers, and, in many respects, their superiority, entitles them, and the rebellious feeling born of such humiliation would materially increase the danger of England in India. The warlike Rajpoots, Sikhs and Marhattas dominated India so long that to suppose they would submit to the authority of the unwarlike Bengalee would be to predicate an impossible case. Such arguments, however, will not hold good forever, and the time must come when a nation which has educated the natives to appreciate representative institutions must grant them—even if the less educated but more military races are deprived of their share of administration. Happily, the speech quoted is in itself an indication that the Mohammedans are alive to the fact that they are not making use of their advantages—a realization which may prove an incitement to more rapid progress.—Interior.

A memorial service in honor of Wm. McK. Gatchell, late Secretary of the National Prohibition Lecture Bureau, and agent of the National Anti-Nuisance League, was held in the hall of the Cooper Union, New York city, Sunday, February 26th. Mr. Gatchell died suddenly in Philadelphia, Monday, February 20th, while prosecuting his work.

By Queen Victoria's orders no intoxicating liquors are to be in future allowed upon the premises of the People's Palace in London.

W. C. T. U. ITEMS.

The Board of Education of Rangoon Burmah, has approved the temperance text-books recommended by the W. C. T. U.

The municipal woman suffrage bill that is now before the Iowa Legislature has been favorably reported by the committee.

The consumption of beer in the United States has increased from 6,200,000 barrels in 1867, to about 23,000,000 barrels in 1887—that is, more than twice as fast as the population.

Miss Ida Joe Brooks, Professor of Mathematics in Little Rock (Ark.) University, and a loyal white-ribboner, has been elected reserve delegate to the M. E. General Conference.

The boys' night-school sustained by the Green Bay (Wis.) W. C. T. U. has an average attendance of from 150 to 175 boys of different nationalities. These boys are from the poorer classes, and all are eager for books and instruction.

Miss J. A. Ackerman of Sacramento, Cal., grand lecturer of the Independent Order of Good Templars, is a young and eloquent woman, whose abilities and work are highly spoken of by leading W. C. T. U. workers of this State, and will probably be heard of in connection with their work.

Eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven soldiers, nearly one-sixth of the British army in India, are members of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association. Temperance rooms, with various amusements, have been established in most of the cantonments, and these act as a counter-attraction to the canteen.

Temperance workers of all nations are coming to realize the fact that a thorough knowledge of the nature and effects of alcohol must precede effective legislation against its use. The editor of the *Temperance News*, Melbourne, Australia, in reviewing the progress of the temperance reform in that country and presenting the outlook for the future, says: "The nature of alcohol, and its effect upon the human system, are but imperfectly known, and knowledge must precede intelligent action. There is danger at the present time that many earnest and sincere friends of temperance, themselves thoroughly persuaded as to the alcoholic evil, absorbed in the political and legislative aspects of the question, will too much neglect the well-tried weapon of educational effort. In our democratic community public opinion is the controlling power, and no permanent legislative progress against the liquor traffic can be relied on, unless the people are enlightened and persuaded as to the harmfulness of alcoholic beverages."

Ruth W. Ranney, a Baptist missionary in Rangoon, and Vice-President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union for Burmah, in a letter accompanying the World's Petition, which she has been circulating in that country, writes as follows: "Of the names sent 13,251 are Burmans, 5,700 are Karens, and the scattering English, Tamil and Telugu make a total of 20,000. You doubtless know that the Burmans are a sober people, their religion enjoining sobriety, and a drunken Burman fifty-eight years ago, when my grandmother, Mrs. Bennett, came here, was almost unheard of. As the English have come into the possession of the land, changes have gradually taken place, and, alas! it is now no uncommon thing for wives to have drunken husbands, and mothers to mourn over their sons. I believe the explanation of this petition will give many a heathen mother and wife a kinder feeling toward the Christian religion. Where it was understood it was eagerly signed. The preachers and Bible women have again and again assured me that it gave them a good text from which to preach. In some cases the leading man of a village has become interested, and every woman in the village has signed and the men have wished to sign also."

Treating of the subject of "Science and Drink," the *Medical Record* affirms that the nerves suffer indirectly through the action of alcohol on the blood. Harley has found that even in the small proportion of five per cent, alcohol "exerts a powerful chemical effect on the blood, so powerful as to entirely derange one of its most important functions—namely, the function of respiration. The alcohol seems to act like an asphyxiant, inasmuch as it not alone diminishes the power of the red corpuscles to absorb oxygen, but to exhale carbonic acid, and that, too, in the same way (though to a somewhat less extent) as morphia does. This peculiar chemical action of alcohol on the blood-nerve pabulum may be thought to give a reasonable explanation of the paralyzing action of alcohol upon the nervous system, seeing that oxidation is the motor power of all vital action, and in direct proportion to its activity are the manifestations of life accelerated or retarded. Every breath we draw, every movement we perform, every thought we think, is but the outcome of the transformation of matter under the influence of oxygen. If, then, it be true, as above shown, that alcohol possesses the power of preventing the constituents of the blood from being properly oxidized, and thereby fitted for the purposes of nutrition, it is easy to account for its producing a chain of neurotic symptoms terminating in coma and death."

To have the same desires and the same aversions is assuredly a firm bond of friendship.—Saltust.

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Home Circle.

A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
On Easter morning early?
See, the bloom on all the hills,
Breaking through the tender green!
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
Violets fringe the laughing rills,
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
Dandelion's golden sheen
Wakens at the robin's voice,
In the dawnlight pearly.
Al! the sweet world surely knows
Christ, the Flower of earth, arose
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad
On Easter morning early?
When the first sweet morning light
Blushes through the shadowy gray,
Open myriad happy eyes;
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
Like dew-laden lilies rise;
Hearts that harbor nothing sad,
Soaring, track his heavenly way,
In the dawnlight pearly.
Sing, O children! all earth knows
Christ, the children's King, arose
On Easter morning early!

APRIL FIRST.

"We're going to have just the jolliest time, father," said Walter Gray, as he took a hot cake upon his plate at breakfast. "Next Saturday is the First of April, you know, and there's some tall fooling going to be done around in these parts."

"You couldn't take a partner into your plans?" said Mrs. Gray, interrogatively, as she looked smilingly over the coffee-urn at her row of rosy-cheeked boys and girls across the table; a hearty, happy set they were, full of good impulses, but, like all children, too full of fun and frolic to notice the dividing line between real fun and unkind practical joking.

"Well," said Walter, reflectively, "I hardly know, mamsie, your notions of fun and mine might clash, and then—" "But mamsie hasn't no poke," broke in Will, a younger brother, "an' maybe her fun'll be better'n our'n," talking with his mouth full, and with a reckless disregard of grammar.

"We've doin' to dit pwickers and put in Bidjet's bed," said wee Mamie.

"Me'n Sam Jones are going to write a real tony invitation to a First of April party, and send it to that big, awkward Jane Matson, that never goes anywhere," said Walter, laughing heartily. "How she'll pink and pucker and fix up that shock of red hair for nothing!"

"Me'n Jack Larned's got a better joke'n that on old Daddy Bates," said Will.

"Please don't play off any tricks on old Daddy Gray, boys," said mamsie, thoughtfully, behind her coffee-urn.

"Whom do you mean?" said Will, staring at his mother in surprise.

"Just what I said, Will, old Daddy Gray; and while I mention the subject, I'll include old Granny Gray, also."

And Mrs. Gray looked soberly at her fun-loving but thoughtless boy.

"Oh, I know!" said Will, blushing furiously, "mamsie's talking about herself and father."

"But we shall be old some day, and rude boys will speak of us in the way you did of old Mr. Bates just now," said Mrs. Gray, earnestly.

"But what is your joke, Will?" said Alice, folding her napkin and addressing Will.

"I guess I'd better not tell," said Will, holding a big pancake, which Bridget had just brought in, before his face to hide his blushes.

"I want to tell you a little story," said Mrs. Gray, looking thoughtfully away from Will's face, and addressing herself to the book-rack in the corner.

"When papa and I were young people and first came to L— to live, we were, like the most of young beginners, poor, not only in pocket, but in experience and wisdom; but, fortunately, we lived close by well-to-do neighbors, who, from the first, took a neighborly interest in us, and were the kindest of friends, he often lending papa money when he needed it in his business, his wife giving me advice and encouragement, which was more valuable than money."

"Then, as you children began to come, this kind neighbor was ready to leave her home at any hour to come and minister to your wants in sickness, or to give me the benefit of her experience in caring for the baby."

"Once when Will was very sick with scarlet fever and we thought he would die, she came and stayed with me for a week, watching over him night and day and, so far as human means go, saved his life, while her husband stayed in his lonely home, caring for himself as best he could. Then when papa had an attack of fever they were both at hand to care for him, spending night after night by his bedside, until he, too, was saved by care and experienced nursing."

"Since then a panic in business affairs has caused these kind neighbors to lose their property, and obliged them to give up their handsome residence and many other comforts. Then, too, their only son, who should have been the comfort and stay of their advancing years, ran off to sea, and they have never heard from him since, and now, when they are too old and feeble to work they are poor and, I fear, are often pinched for the real necessities of life, and it hardly seems appropriate for any of my children (addressing the book-rack reflectively) "to play off tricks on Mr. —I mean old Daddy Bates."

"Oh, mamsie, if you know how horrid it sounds to hear you speak of him in that way!" said Will, beseechingly.

"Is it possible!" said Mrs. Gray, in

pretended astonishment; "then you must be careful and not set me a bad example."

"Mamma," said Alice, coming around to her mother's chair, and whispering busily, while the rest were folding their napkins, "wouldn't that be a 'plendid joke'?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Gray, with an approving smile, "and one that we can all enjoy."

"I hardly see, father, how we are going to get along this spring," said Grandma Bates, in a discouraged tone. "We need so many things for the change of the season, and it seems like it takes every cent to provide food, without counting for raiment," and she looked disconsolately at the best white shirt, which she was endeavoring to make respectable for "meetin'" wear.

"That's so, Abygil," replied Grandpa Bates, reflectively, holding up a worn boot and surveying it with a perplexed air. "Now, that boot ain't in no condition to 'ncounter the April weather, an' what to do I don't know."

"Well, father," said the old lady, more cheerfully, "the Lord has never failed us yet, and we will trust him, though we can't see just how the promises are going to be fulfilled; but we're sure that we are of more value in his eyes than the sparrows, ain't we, father?"

"Yes, mother, yes," replied the old man, drawing on the boot with a more hopeful air. "I don't know why, Abygil, but it's seemed to me lately as if we were going to hear from Franklin. I can't believe but that the boy's a-livin'."

"Oh, father!" said the old lady, looking up with a happy light in her faded eyes. "I haven't said anything, but I've had the same feelin' lately. Who's that knockin', father?" and, with a final tug at the holey boots, grandpa went to the door.

"If you please, Grandma Bates," said Will Gray, sticking his curly head into the room and showing a big basket into the old man's hand, "mother wants to know if we may all come over and take tea with you this afternoon?"

"Of course, you may," said Grandpa, cordially; "tell your ma thank you, and you're more than welcome"; and Will went off with a whistle, which sounded from away down in the warm spot in his heart, as he thought of the contrast between this joke and the one he had first planned.

"Well, if that ain't just like Mis' Gray," said Grandpa, as she uncovered the basket and revealed snowy biscuit, honey, a pound of choice tea, and, lastly, a large frosted cake, surmounted by a little cupid in sugar.

"Well, now, said Grandpa, admiringly; "if that cake tastes half as good as it looks, it will be a treat"; and he trotted off into the bedroom to look for a stray pair of gloves.

"Mother, mother," he cried a moment later, "come and look!" and his wife, with as much speed as her rheumatism would allow, rushed to the bedroom.

"See that, Abygil!" said Grandpa, pointing to a new pair of boots incased in shining new rubbers, sitting at the head of the bed. "April is a month of showers, but I didn't look for't to rain down such drops as these"; and the tears fairly stood in the old gentleman's eyes in his surprise and pleasure.

"Didn't I tell you we was of more value than the sparrows?" said Grandpa, after she had examined and admired the treasures to their owner's satisfaction, "an He can always find instruments to carry out His will," she added, reflectively. "Now, Mis' Gray knew that I always aired my bedroom of a mornin'."

"Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face."

Sang Grandma Bates all the forenoon in her high, cracked voice, as she went about her small house, brushing, dusting, and making her preparations for the expected visitors.

"Queer how them words do run in my head," she exclaimed, after she had sung them for probably the twentieth time; "but it does seem so true this mornin'; here we was complainin' and groanin' over our cloud, and His mercies overtook us in the very act."

It was a very merry tableful that sat down with the old people that afternoon—so full of tickle and nudges that they could scarcely preserve any sort of propriety through Grandpa's rather long blessing, for his heart was so full of thanksgiving that he could not condense it very much. But, as Mamie was not in the secret, they managed to restrain themselves until the time for the cake-cutting arrived, for, as Alice had helped to set the table, she had coaxed Grandpa to defer that operation until the last moment on the plea of disturbing the sugar cupid.

"Bless me," said Grandma Bates, standing up in her earnestness to overcome the obstacle which met the knife, "how hard this cake du cut!"

"April fool, Grandma," shouted the merry children, unable to restrain their merriment another moment; and the elders were hardly behind in their enjoyment of the old lady's surprise when the cake was finally cut, revealing a hollow center, which was filled with shining silver pieces neatly frosted over.

"Well, if that don't beat all April foolin' I ever heard of," said Grandpa, blowing his nose with a resounding blast. "Seems to me, Abygil, these good people are bound to run on the Lord's errands to-day."

"Only bread cast on the waters which is coming in again, Father Bates," said Mr. Gray, heartily. "When we were young and needed your help it was never withheld, and now that the tables are

turned and you need us, it would be an ill-return to forget you in your old age."

"A letter for Grandma Bates!" cried Walter, who had been to the postoffice, while Alice, with nimble fingers, had helped to wash and put away the tea dishes, and he handed a soiled letter, all emblazoned with foreign post marks to the old gentleman, who opened it with trembling fingers.

"Abygil, praise the Lord again for all his marvelous kindness!" said the old man, with streaming eyes. "It is from Franklin, and he is coming home to be a stay and comfort to us in our old age"; and Mr. Gray, at the old man's request, for his glasses would persist in blurring so that he could not see, took the letter and read the long-lost son's account of his wanderings, and of how he had finally embarked in a business in India, which had made him a rich man, and last, but not least, how he had been led to see his folly and wrong, and forsaking it, became a Christian, whose first act of reparation was to write to the parents, whose hearts had been so long wrung by his unkind conduct.

"Here's sumfin' at dropped out of ze letter," said little Mamie, handing Grandma Bates a crisp bill; and that good woman had another burst of joyful tears when she found it was good for one hundred dollars, effectually solving the problems of the mornin'.

"Mamsie, I think we've had the very jolliest First of April we ever had in our lives!" said Will, as the family were once more seated in their cozy sitting-room.

"By the way, Walter," said Mr. Gray, as he hung up his overcoat, "did you play your trick on poor Jane Matson?"

"Well, no, father," replied Walter, with a smile, "the order of the day seemed to be casting bread upon the waters, and I was afraid if I sent out such a loaf it might come back to me with a thorn in it."

"An' I ferdot to put any pwickers in Bidjet's bed," said Mamie, lifting a sleepy head from mamma's shoulder.

"For which tired Bridget is devoutly thankful, no doubt," said papa, as he lifted the tired baby and carried her off to the nursery.—Northern Christian Advocate.

HOW TO TRAIN A CANARY.

Set the cage on a table near where you wish to sit; after a little conference with the bird, introduce a finger between the wires near the favorite perch, holding it there patiently, yourself occupied with book or paper the while. Presently, as it shows no disposition to harm him, he cautiously goes up to examine it. Then he picks to ascertain its quality, maybe he fights it. That is well; he no longer fears it. Pay him with a little bird food, and put him away. Next day try him again. He may go farther and light on it, or he may be several days getting thus familiar. Be patient. Once this step is attained, vary the programme by introducing the finger in other spots. He will soon light on it at any point or angle. Then try the door, at first thrusting the finger under it, next time fasten it open, blocking egress with the rest of the hand as one finger extends within. When he perches on it, draw him forth a little, next time tempt him to the perch outside a little, and so on. In a short time you have but to open the cage door, uplift a finger, and he is sure to fly for it; and he may thus be called to any part of the room to rest on the familiar perch.

Most birds learn this familiarity in a few days, yet there will be those who will be two to four weeks about it.—Our Dumb Animals.

TWO VERY DIFFERENT YOUNG MEN.

"What a marked difference there is in young men," remarked a suburban matron the other day. "I have two nephews who alternately 'run out' from the city to see me, generally staying all night. It almost gives me the shivers to think that spare room to one of them, he is so exceedingly careless. It looks next morning as if Bedlam had been loose. Everything is out of place. The towel-rack is overturned, the pillow-shams are crushed, the wash-bowl is left full of water, the windows are flung open to the incursive flies, and everything generally is at sixes and sevens. But there's the other nephew—Bless my soul, it's a pleasure to have him come! Why, you'd think the daintiest lady had slept in the room. He removes the shams and spreads, washes the soap before he returns it to the soap dish, puts the towel squarely on the rack and the comb into the brush, refixes the tidy on the bureau, and bows the shutters before he comes down, and all that. Why, I've got nothing to do scarcely but remake the bed, and one would hardly know he slept in it. I cannot see why there should be such a marked difference between the young men when they are so much alike in almost every other respect. It's more likely born in them than bred in them."

—Exchange.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.—Physicists tell us, with an air of triumph, that man's highest powers are dependent upon his material frame, that he cannot truly exist apart from it. Christ told us so long ago, and guarded the truth from exaggeration, though we may not before have felt the full significance of his message, when he raised his body from the grave to the right hand of God in token of his victory over death.—Canon Westcott.

Requested to define the word "dentist," Saphir said, "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for his own to bite."

HOW TO MAKE CANDY AT HOME.

Sugar Candy.—Three cups of sugar, one of water, wine-glass of vinegar, tablespoon of butter. Test by dropping in water; if done it will be brittle. Pour on greased plates; when cool, pull.

Cream Candy.—One pound granulated sugar, one tablespoonful cream of tartar, one of soda, half a tumbler of cold water, one teaspoon of vanilla. Boil until it threads; pour on greased plates to cool.

Lemon Candy.—Take half a pound of loaf-sugar and a cup of water, cook slowly over a brisk fire, add a tablespoon of vinegar and a teaspoon of butter; boil twenty minutes; flavor with extract of lemon, and pour in greased plates to cool.

Ice-cream Candy.—Squeeze the juice of one lemon into a cup; boil two pounds of white sugar, two ounces of butter, one teacup of water, with the rind of the lemon; stir in the juice of the lemon; when brittle, take off and pour in buttered plates.

Molasses Candy.—One cup of New Orleans molasses, one tablespoon of vinegar, one cup of brown sugar, one ounce of melted butter; boil until it hardens when dropped in cold water; add a teacup of sugar and pour in buttered plates. When cool, pull and cut in sticks.

Hickory-nut Candy.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water; boil until thick; flavor with extract of lemon; stir in one cup of hickory-nut meats, and turn into a large, flat dish. When cold, cut in squares.

Almond Candy.—To one pound of sugar take half a pint of water and the white of one egg; let stand a short time, then boil a few minutes; skim and boil until thick, then mix in the blanched almonds; remove from the fire and stir; pour in buttered plates.

Pop-corn Candy.—Boil one cup of white sugar, half a cup of water, and one tablespoonful of butter. Cook until brittle; stir in ten quarts of corn, well popped; stir until mixed.

Butterscotch.—Three pounds of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teacup of cream of tartar, tablespoonful of extract of lemon; add water to dissolve the sugar; boil until brittle; when done, butter large and shallow pan and pour on; when partly cold, mark off in squares.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

How easy it is to follow one of the two lives—the animal, or the intellectual—how difficult to conciliate the two! In every one of us there exists an animal which might have been as vigorous as wolves or foxes if it had been left to develop itself in freedom. But, besides the animal, there existed also a mind, and the mental activity restrained the bodily activity, till at last there is a serious danger of putting an end to it altogether. I know two men, about 55 years old both of them, and both of them admirably active. They tell me that their bodily activity has been preserved by an effort of the will; that if they did not resolutely keep up the habit of using legs and arms in daily work or amusements, their limbs would have stiffened into uselessness, and their constitutions would have been unable to bear the call of any sudden emergency. One of them has four residences in different parts of the same country, and yet he will not keep a carriage, but is a pedestrian terrible to his friends. The other is at the head of a great business, and gives an example of physical activity to his work-people. Both have absolute faith in habitual exercise; and both affirm that if the habit were once broken they could never afterwards resume it. We need this faith in exercise, this firm conviction of its necessity, the sort of conviction that makes a man go out in all weathers, and leave the most urgent intellectual labor for the mere discipline and hardening of the body. Few students possess this faith in its purity. It is hard to believe that we shall get any good from exercise proportionate to the sacrifice of time.—Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

A GREAT WRONG.

An International Parcels-post treaty between the United States and Canada took effect on March 1st. By this arrangement all the mail matter included in the provisions of the treaty are sent in the mails from one country to the other at the single rate of postage prevailing in the country where it is mailed. Seeds, bulbs and plants are among the specified articles, and, as the rate of postage on them is four cents a pound in Canada, they can be mailed in Canada and sent to this country at that rate. This is a discrimination against our own country with a vengeance. The cost of sending seeds, bulbs and plants from Canada to any postoffice in the United States, four cents a pound—four pounds for sixteen cents. From one postoffice to another in this country, sixteen cents a pound—four pounds for sixty-four cents. We ask our readers to make all possible effort to exert their influence upon the Members of Congress from their districts to remedy this evil, which affects every purchaser of seeds in this country.—Vick's Magazine for March.

ADULTERATED BEER.—The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his third report on adulteration of food, drinks and drugs, sounds a note of warning against beer, which is found to be generally adulterated with acid, poisonous and injurious to health. It is the part of wisdom to let it alone. It is not surprising that life insurance companies regard beer risks as extra hazardous.—National Temperance Advocate.

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[Civil Service Gazette.]

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1888.

In common with the whole country, we are pained by the unlooked-for death of Chief Justice Waite (of pneumonia) last Friday morning. This gentleman was in California last year, and seen by some of our readers, it may be. He was a native of Lyme, Ct.; was graduated at Yale, in 1837, in the same class with Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone of this city, and was 72 years old. He began his business as a lawyer in Toledo, Ohio, in his youth, and grew up with the country. He had held several conspicuous legal positions before he was nominated for Chief Justice by General Grant. Sixty-two Senators voted for his confirmation. He filled his office well. He was personally admired. His character was without a stain. His church membership was honorable to him. No more sincere, faithful, conscientious, untiring and cheerful an officer ever discharged the duties of a public station under our national Government than Morrison R. Waite.

A new President was inaugurated at the State University, "charter day," last Friday, in the person of the Hon. Horace Davis, a native of Worcester, Mass. (a son of Hon. John Davis); a graduate of Harvard, long a thriving man of business in this city, twice elected to Congress, and the first real Californian raised to this position. The occasion was marked by happy observances and fitting speeches. The weather was rather cool, but the attendance surprisingly large, more than one-half of those desiring to enter the building being unable to do so. Till the University has a larger hall of assembly, it must admit by ticket those it most wishes to see. Every friend of the University must hope that it will be long before it shall view another inaugural scene.

Two or three years ago it was in Austria; this time it was in Portugal, at Oporto, that a theater took fire amid the "scenery," while a play was going on, and the structure was crowded. Of course, a panic ensued; there were only narrow openings below, and none from the gallery, and more than a hundred perished by trampling, or by suffocation. The rear entrance was from the street, and the actors and employes made good their escape; otherwise, the destruction of life must have been even greater. Let it be clearly understood by all that no place is so dangerous as a common theater, and that the danger does not stop with danger to health and custom, life and limb.

The London *Christian World* of March 1st comes with its editorial page in "mourning" for the death of its editor and proprietor, James Clark, who had been at his post thirty years and had made his paper the largest establishment in religious journalism in the world. He was 64 years old, and had been ill for a year. His three sons succeed him. They took his place, in fact, months ago, and have made no change in the spirit or purpose of the publication. The paper is a very profitable one. About half of its 16 or 20 pages are given up to advertisements, which pay high prices, because the circulation is large, and because it goes into hosts of the best families in Great Britain. To have built up such a paper is to have erected a monument of enduring grandeur, and to have filled a sphere of influence to which it were difficult to fix any limitations.

George Peabody was an American, whose fortune was made in London. In addition to all he did for his own country, he gave two and a half millions to the poor of London for the erection of cheap and healthful homes. That charity has done wonders, and has stimulated other deeds like it. It is cheering to read in the last report of the trustees of the fund that it now amounts to more than four and a half millions, while there have been built 74 dwellings of four

rooms each, 1,782 of three rooms each, 2,351 of two rooms each, and 807 of one room. Three blocks of buildings, to contain 136 rooms, are now in process of erection. The small charge for rent and the interest on the unused balance keep swelling the fund by about \$100,000 a year. Who can estimate the amount of vice this fund has prevented and the amount of comfort, health, industry and virtue it has promoted already?

We saw in an English journal the other day a protest against the appointment of a certain person to a professorship in the Presbyterian college at Caermarthen, Wales. It was signed by several Unitarian ministers. A correspondent of the *Christian Register* from England, and, presumably, of the same faith with that journal, informs us that one of "our" preachers has been appointed to the position, but he adds naively: "This word, Presbyterian, has little theological significance; perhaps, none! Dr. Vance Smith is the principal of the college; and four years ago there were in it twenty-nine students, of whom three were Unitarians. Of Dr. Vance Smith we have heard, and we conclude that names don't always stand for the things they seem to. Here is evidently a case of progressive orthodoxy, but it is an old instance. History is ever repeating itself."

The result of the vote in Mr. Spurgeon's Pastors' College Association must have been gratifying to him. For of 456 votes, 432 were positively affirmatory of the basis of fellowship which emphasizes "the doctrines of grace." These 432 will have the participation in reorganizing the association, which is to take place soon. The Council of the Baptist Union, from which Union Mr. Spurgeon resigned, has set forth a declaration of evangelical convictions, which is moderate in tone, and the *Christian World* regards its moderateness "with thankfulness," for under it "the New Theology may claim communion with the Old." By the way, the founder, editor and proprietor of this very broad journal, Mr. James Clarke, died February 24th, at the age of sixty-four. He was a man of great enterprise, and made his newspaper and other periodicals a powerful influence among Congregationalists and all dissenters.

A Unitarian divine, Dr. Hedge, has lately shown how the doctrine of Satan has been gradually eliminated from progressive theology, although it plays so prominent a part in the New Testament. Yes, rejoins the editor of the organ in Boston, to which Dr. Hedge gives his communication, "Even Jesus himself believed in Satan as a real existence. The doctrine is woven into the very texture of the New Testament." But our editor proceeds, "But Christianity needed to be purified." We have great respect for Dr. Hedge, and for the editor, who tells us that Christianity needed to be purified; but it is very singular that Christianity has been generally best purified, by going back to the New Testament, and to the doctrine of the Son of Man. Between Jesus and our respected purifying brethren at Boston, we feel constrained to adhere to the former, for "every one that hath this hope in Him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure." On the whole, we are inclined to think that what is here said of life is true of doctrine. At least, the claim that Christ made was that he spoke what he knew, and testified what he had seen. Whatever may be said of the separation between doctrine and life in professed disciples, they were one in the Master.

The papers are writing up the poor way in which Senator Stanford started in life; and how the burning of his law library in Wisconsin resulted in his coming to California, where, in less than forty years, he is said to have amassed a fortune of \$70,000,000. Really, during the last twenty years his vast property has been acquired. And he is a member of a corporation which owes the United States Government millions and millions of dollars which they don't pay—too poor! Very hurtful charges are made against this great railroad corporation. How is it that they who are too poor to pay their debts are yet so enormously rich? Hasn't this a look of dishonesty? Can a man make \$70,000,000 in less than twenty years in honest ways, and while dealing fairly with the Government, his employees and the public? Mr. Stanford is very liberal with his money; he is giving away large sums for his University, and other good objects. But, did he come fairly by the money which he so liberally dispenses? That is an important question, and one upon which we confess we have serious doubts.

What of conscience she had was not yet conscience toward God, which is the guide of freedom, but conscience toward society, which is the slave of a fool.

NOTES ON PIONEER DAYS.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I have been much interested in reading the "Reminiscences of Pioneer Life in California," by Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, inasmuch as I was a resident of San Francisco at the time of his arrival, and, to some small extent, a co-laborer with him (as layman) in the work in which he was engaged up to April, 1849. I well remember all the persons of whom he makes mention, and had social and business relations with nearly all of them. I first met Mr. Hunt at Honolulu, on July 21, 1848. Having visited the Royal School during the day, in company with my wife and several other friends, we accepted an invitation to take tea and spend the evening with the family. There were present in the evening Captain Hill, commander of our ship *Rhone*, Captain Stout of Brooklyn, N. Y., a fellow-passenger, on his way to San Francisco, as the first agent of the P. M. S. S. Company, Rev. Mr. Damon, pastor of the Bethel church, several of the missionaries of the island, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Minister of Public Instruction, several of the officers of the navy, and also Rev. T. Dwight Hunt and wife. The members of the royal family attending the Royal School were there, and entertained us with their performances of instrumental and vocal music, and by the exhibition of their paintings and drawings. We spent a very enjoyable evening, and the occasion has left a pleasant impression on my memory. Of course, in such a gathering it was impossible to become thoroughly acquainted with all who were present, but I remember having several minutes' conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Hunt in regard to the islands, and the particular work in which they were engaged, so that we were not strangers on our arrival here. Our ship, which brought us round the Horn, sailed from Baltimore December 22, 1847, and, after visiting Valparaiso, Cobija, Islay, Arica and Callao, and stopping several days, and sometimes weeks at a place, left Callao for Honolulu, June 15, 1848, arriving at the latter port July 18, 1848. Here we first learned of the discovery of gold in California. At first, we were incredulous, but, on being shown several ounces of specimens brought from there by persons who had recently arrived from this Coast (among them Captain McKee of the firm of McKee, Anthony & Co.), we had to be convinced. We spent thirteen days very pleasantly at the islands. We were invited to their social gatherings, and welcomed to the hospitality of their homes, and left with a grateful appreciation of the courteous and generous treatment we had received. On Monday, July 31, 1848, we set sail for San Francisco. Our friends on shore gave us three hearty cheers as our vessel glided out of the harbor, which we as heartily returned. We arrived at San Francisco August 27, 1848. We entered the harbor in the afternoon, without a pilot. It was on the flood tide, with a strong coast wind, that carried us rapidly through the Golden Gate, and, before we hardly knew it, we were dropping anchor in front of the little village of San Francisco. Scarcely had we let go our anchor before several gentlemen came on board to welcome us and to get the latest news. No steamer had yet entered these waters. Our ship was the first American vessel that had arrived since the ratification of the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States at the close of the Mexican War, which gave us California. Among those gentlemen who came on board to meet us was Lieutenant Gilbert, of whom Mr. Hunt speaks in such just terms of praise. With several of our passengers, I accompanied them ashore. The strong westerly wind blew the sand and dust in our faces as we toiled our way up Washington street to his office, opposite the Plaza, where we spent an hour or so imparting and receiving information, all being eager to obtain the latest news. Mr. Gilbert was then publishing the *California Star*. The *Alta* was started January 1, 1849. I have a copy of the first number. Next morning I was up early. I did not sleep much on account of seasickness. The westerly wind had died away. All was still as midnight, except the sound of my footsteps on the wind-worn, bare ground, as they echoed among the vacant lots. On my way down Washington street I saw not a human being until I came to the corner of Montgomery street. Most of the people had gone to the gold mines. There I met Mr. C. L. Ross, of whom Mr. Hunt makes mention. As a merchant, he, of course, had heard of the arrival of our ship, and we were soon acquainted. Below Montgomery street, near Washington, I saw a second man coming out of a rude building, with a sack of barley, intended for his horse, which he loaded on a wheelbarrow, and proceeded to wheel towards Mr. Ross' store, where we were introduced. As he came up to us, Mr. Ross introduced him to me as Mr. C. V. Gillespie, of whom Mr. Hunt also speaks in his article. With that cordial greeting common to early Californians, he invited me to go up and take breakfast with him, which I did. There I met his most excellent and cultured wife, who was the center of a limited circle of as refined and intelligent people as can be found in San Francisco today. Their house was situated on the west side of the Plaza, facing the bay, as was also the schoolhouse, at which Mr. Hunt afterwards preached. Some time in October, prior to Mr. Hunt's arrival, the brig *Belfast* came into port from New York with a cargo of merchandise, under the charge of Messrs. De Witt & Harrison. They opened a store on

Sansome street, I think, near Pacific. This was the Mr. Harrison of whom Mr. Hunt speaks. They were both men of high character and useful citizens. I used to buy goods of them for several years, and knew them well, and have a high appreciation of their worth. To the Ward Brothers I had a letter of introduction from their father in New York. On the arrival of Mr. Hunt, October 30, 1848, the merchants went to work and got up a subscription of \$2,500 for one year's salary for him. It did not seem advisable at that time to take any steps towards organizing a church, as there were but few professing Christians, and those few were of different denominations. So we concluded to call him the chaplain of the town, and as such he continued to act until the following year, when steps were taken to organize the First Congregational church of San Francisco. The first Protestant church organization in California was the First Presbyterian church of Benicia, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge pastor. The next was the First Presbyterian church of San Francisco, Rev. Albert Williams pastor. The Baptist and Congregational churches followed soon after. Rev. Mr. Hunt began preaching in the old schoolhouse on the plaza the next Sunday after his arrival. He was welcomed by a good audience, considering the size of the town and the unsettled condition of society at the time. I well remember that Commodore Ap. Catesby Jones of the flag-ship *Ohio*, with some of his officers, used to attend quite regularly. Captain Thomas, of whom Mr. Hunt speaks, and Captain Stout, Agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, were usually there, being both Episcopalians. Captain Thomas usually led the singing. Mr. Hunt's ministrations were useful and instructive, and in general well appreciated. The first time that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed occurred, I think, in January, 1849. There were just twelve persons who remained to participate in that service. With most of them a long time had elapsed since they had enjoyed that privilege. It was a sweetly solemn and joyful service, the first of the kind on this Coast, and long to be remembered.

We were not altogether without religious services, however, prior to Mr. Hunt's arrival. I attended religious service in the old schoolhouse the first Sunday after my arrival, which was on the 3d of September, 1848; preaching by Mr. Anthony, a Methodist exhorter, and blacksmith by trade, and brother of the Rev. C. V. Anthony. He was elected to the Legislature from Santa Cruz county in 1880, and is still living there, I think. Episcopal services were also held at the schoolhouse several times, Captain Stout and Captain Thomas officiating. In fact, I do not recollect any Sabbath on which there was not a religious service of some kind during my residence in San Francisco. Accommodations in the way of board and lodging in San Francisco at this time were scarce and meager. I was fortunate enough, by means of a letter of introduction from a young lady at the Islands to her father in San Francisco, to obtain them for myself and wife at the rate of twelve dollars each per week, afterwards advanced to sixteen dollars. Mr. Hunt after a while had his study and, I think, his lodgings in the northwestern portion of the town. I visited him at his study several times. It was in the attic of a one-story building or dwelling, the foot of the rafters coming to the floor, with scarcely room to stand erect beneath the bare rafters. There he sat and wrote his sermons, without a fire, and the winter was about as cold as the one just passed. At all events, I saw ice on the lagoon for several days in succession on the west side of Montgomery street, between Washington and Jackson streets. A German shoemaker had a ship's caboose for a shop, set on piles in the middle of the lagoon, with a plank walk (also on piles or stakes) leading from the street to his shop. He was holding the lot by right of possession. He was quite an intelligent man, and was afterwards elected to the town council. So you see that Mr. Hunt's life as a missionary or chaplain was not one of ease and luxury. Perhaps, however, he fared no worse than the rest of us in those primitive times. After the steamers began to arrive most of the newcomers had to live in tents for lack of better accommodations. I had, fortunately, built a house for myself in the fall, about the time of Mr. Hunt's arrival. It was not completed, however, until January, 1849, when I moved into it. Lumber was high, and carpenters' wages twelve dollars per day. The house cost me \$7,000, and the fifty vara lot on the northeast corner of Stockton and Washington streets cost \$3,000. A similar house could be built to-day for \$2,000 or less.

In regard to the unfortunate duel in which the lamented Gilbert fell, I think Mr. Hunt's memory is at fault. My recollection is that it was General Denver, and not Judge Terry, with whom he fought. It was said at the time that Gilbert fired at the word, and purposely missed his antagonist. Some said that he fired into the air. General Denver reserved his fire, being a good marksman with a rifle, when he took deliberate aim, and Gilbert fell. Such were the reports at the time. The affair produced a profound sensation, for Gilbert was much honored and beloved. It was the occasion, I think, of the law rendering a duelist ineligible to office in this State.

But I have continued these rambling notes to a much greater length than I intended. I close by expressing my high appreciation of the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt as an earnest and faithful minister

of the gospel, a warm-hearted and true friend, and genial gentleman. He did a good work in those early days that tried men's souls and tested Christian character. May the blessing of God rest upon him in his declining years, and abide with him until he shall be called to go up higher to receive the welcome already accorded to him here, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

C. E. WETMORE.

GOOD COURAGE FOR THE RIGHT.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

Let us never be afraid, no matter in what minority, to stand up for the right. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that some sacred interest shall be at stake when it shall fall to receive the advocacy and defense of those who are concerned in the issue. It may be a claim for loyalty and devotion to some principle of righteousness, or rule of duty, the vindication and maintenance of which shall cost its champion a struggle against loneliness and censure. If in such debate we plant our feet in aid of justice and purity, it may bring upon our head the baptism of scorn, and leave our name a mockery and reproach.

But it belongs to a heroic character to champion righteousness in speech and action against whatever prospect of dishonor and suffering. If one shrink from such unswerving fidelity, because of some sharp peril to his reputation and comfort, he betrays a weakness that carries with it its own condemnation.

God is on the side of the right. If we wish to take position with Infinite Wisdom, Sovereignty and Power, and to lend our voice and our muscle to that which such Supremacy upholds, we must, at all hazards, resist the evil and sustain the good. Such partnership gives us a strength which nothing can overcome, and sustains a hope that cannot die.

If there be at first apparent failure and defeat, it is only the postponement of success for a keener trial of our integrity, a more valiant wielding of our weapon, and a more decisive and comprehensive victory.

And then, it is a nobler outcome of all Christian warfare to fail with the right in any special combat, than to win in that battle-field with the forces of evil. Such failure, while we are wielding arms, shows our steadfastness and zeal in seeking the establishment of that which is worthy our devotion. The campaign expresses and honors that devotion, if its fruitfulness be defeated and deferred, and the cause on trial summons us to fresh courage and daring. Any genuine Christian hero would rather suffer wounds and bleeding in striking for the right without overcoming, than in upholding the wrong in winning its base victories.

Let us boldly and unflinchingly stand by the right, whatever hostility it encounters, and strenuously and fearlessly contend for its vindication.

THREE JAPANESE GRADUATES.

A letter of February 15th to Professor Marsh contains some items respecting three Japanese graduates in the class of 1886 from Pacific University, Forest Grove, Or.

Kin Saito is, at Hakodate, Judge of the Supreme Court. H. Tamra is at Osaka in a permanent position in the public school work by government appointment. A. Nosse, who writes the letter, and who lived in the family of President Ellis and did housework for board during his last year in college, is both author and high official. He writes: "In September, 1885, I resigned the government school of Nagano ken, and became director of the Fukuoka ken normal school and college. In October, 1886, I received the imperial appointment of Secretary of the Department of Education. I am now the fourth in rank of the imperial government officers, and chief of the Bureau of General Affairs. When I was in Fukuoka ken I wrote a book, 'Principles of Education,' and offered the manuscript to a Tokyo bookseller, and it was published by him. It was received most favorably, and sold about thirty thousand volumes. Viscount Mori, the Minister of the Department of Education, read the book, and was exceedingly satisfied with it, and appointed me to the Department. Last year, by order of the minister, I wrote 'Ethics.' The basis of 'Ethics' is 'harmonious co-existence of self and others,' or harmony of egoism and altruism. If classified by a philosophical name, it may be called the theory of rational intuitionism. Preliminary notion is based upon the Golden Rule, 'Do to others as you would that others should do to you.' This book on ethics is to be translated into English by Rev. W. Deming, a missionary from England. I am now writing 'Pedagogy,' for use of normal schools. I am also a regular contributor to *National Education*, a journal published monthly."

This is a pretty good showing for three Japanese boys educated in our Oregon college.

The socialists in Amsterdam made a demonstration against the militia law the other day. A cable despatch says: "Bodies of socialists paraded the streets and strongly denounced the law. The police interfered and dispersed the crowd. Several persons were injured and a number of arrests were made."

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Philadelphia has passed a resolution that it is inconsistent with the pledge of a member to sign a liquor-dealer's petition for license, or go on his bond.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON INDIA.

Rev. W. H. Scudder delivered, last Thursday evening, at Plymouth church, the first of his series of lectures upon "India," treating of the country, its people and their customs. The stereoscopic views were of an excellent kind; they were prepared especially for Mr. Scudder, to illustrate his lectures.

This, his first lecture, was well attended, and an appreciative audience greeted humorous passages and scenes with well-merited applause.

"To present India in its proper light," said the lecturer, by way of introduction, "one must treat of the India of the past, for the tide of civilization is rapidly breaking down the dykes of caste and changing and modernizing the land. It is to the past that we turn for a true insight into the customs, the methods of thought and the mode of living of the Hindus."

Beginning with the myths of the Hindus, the lecturer gave a graphic description of the creation as told in the doctrines of the Brahmins, according to which Brahma determined to produce out of himself a creation, and accomplished this by an egg floating upon the waters, thus becoming Gorusa, the creator of all things. According to a second myth, which the lecturer stated he had never been able to reconcile with the first, although both, according to the Brahmins, are orthodox, Brahma was produced from the heart of a lotus flower while Vishnu slept upon the waters. As yet the world was unproductive of the human race, so Brahma divided himself into two parts, male and female, thus becoming man and woman, the Adam and Eve of the Hindu race.

The further history of the world, according to the Vedas, is divided into four periods, called *yugas*, the first of which lasted for four billions of years, in which Brahma reigned as man-king, and at the expiration of which he was removed to celestial happiness. The second *yuga*, or that of innocence, lasted for 1,720 billions of years; the third *yuga* lasted 864 millions of years, while the fourth and present *yuga*, of which between 4,000 and 5,000 years have elapsed, will be complete with 432 millions of years.

"The Hindus are evolutionists," Dr. Scudder said, "and discount the modern school of evolution founded on geological data, with their mystical expanse of ages. To produce the dry land," continued the lecturer, "Vishnu changed himself into a creature, half-man and half boar, and pried with his tusks the earth from out the waters."

A description of the country, its natural scenery, the snow-capped summits of the Himalayas, the plains of Central India, the Deccan, with its step-like mountains, the Eastern and Western Ghats, the presidencies and their capitals, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, were picturesquely described and illustrated with views upon canvas. Calcutta, although termed the City of Odors, the lecturer said, is one of the cleanest cities in the world, owing to the fact that it is possessed of living scavengers, one of which, a bird called the *ajunt*, mingled with the people in the streets, and was protected from harm by the strictest legal penalties.

The city of Bombay, with its great cotton mart, its bazars and immense trade, and its cosmopolitan population of Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans and Englishmen, was clearly described. A graphic picture of the business methods of the place was drawn—the stillness of the morning hours and the bustle which ensued at the hour of 10, when business opened, and which as suddenly ceased at 4 o'clock, when the merchants closed their shops and departed from their quarters, was pleasantly narrated. A portrayal of the social habits and customs of the people was preceded by a short sketch of the origin of the Hindus and their ethnic relationship. The dual races of the peninsula, the Tamils and other non-Aryan people, and the upper caste of Brahmins, supposedly pure Aryan, and kin to Greek, Goth and Saxon, were also briefly referred to.

Speaking of caste, Dr. Scudder said that it worked both for good and evil. It hindered advancement and Christianity, but it likewise prevented the falling back of a semi-barbaric race into complete savagery. Caste divides the race into four classes, the brahmin, the warrior, the merchant and the sudra, or common laborer. In whichever one of these a Hindu chances to have been born there he must remain and all his posterity. Below these castes is the pariah, who has fallen from caste, despised by every other, and who must be content to gain his living by the most menial and degraded methods.

The next two lectures will be given by Mr. Scudder on Thursday evenings, March 29th and April 5th. It might be well for other churches in the city or State to have these lectures given in their communities, as they furnish a delightful evening's entertainment.

Rev. Dr. Addison P. Foster says in the *Advance*: "The growth of Catholicism in New England in the last fifty years is something remarkable. In 1837 New England had one Bishop, twenty-four priests, seventeen churches and a Catholic population of 10,000. It now has one Archbishop, six suffragan Bishops, 900 priests and 600 churches, with a Catholic population of 1,200,000. This immense development has come about largely through the change in the character of the population. The native-born have been moving westward; the Catholic Irish, French and Italians have been pouring in."

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Monday Club held its meeting this week, in the hall over Mr. Carson's book store on Post street, above Dupont, and voted to meet in the same place on Monday next at 1:30 p. m. At the meeting last Monday, Rev. Professor Moor presented a paper on "The Congregational Polity, According to Dr. Ross." At the meeting on Monday next Rev. George Morris will present the subject, "High License, Facts and Features."

Sunday morning, Rev. Dr. McLean in the First church, Oakland, delivered the last of his series of discourses on "The Divinity of Christ." At night, Rev. J. H. Hector of this city occupied the pulpit.

Two ministers in Oakland preached from the same text last Sabbath. The text was, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Rev. C. F. Clapp of East Oakland used it on the occasion of the first anniversary of his church. Rev. G. H. Merrill had it as his text for the fifth anniversary of his church, Market street, Oakland.

Rev. J. A. Jones has closed his labors at Cottonwood, and goes to build a church at Alila, Tulare county. His subject Sabbath morning was "The Death of Christ, Producing Spiritual Life in a Vast Army, Which No One Can Number." In the evening he was greeted with a full house; subject, "What Think Ye of Christ?" At the close of the evening service, the church unanimously voted thanks to Mr. Jones for his efforts in building the church and doing such good work for the Master and his cause in Cottonwood. The best of feeling exists between Mr. Jones and his warm-hearted friends at Cottonwood. Rev. R. Taylor of Green Valley is expected to preach in the Cottonwood church next Sabbath.

The Ninth Anniversary of the Alameda church was observed last Sabbath, Pastor W. W. Scudder preaching a sermon on "The Ideal Church."

Sunday night, a union temperance service was held in Alameda. Rev. W. W. Scudder and others gave addresses.

Rev. Professor Benton occupied the pulpit at San Jose last Sunday morning, and gave an address at the praise service in the evening which was held under the auspices of the Society of Christian Endeavor. Professor Benton's address was on music. In the morning, the church made an offering of \$20 to the Theological Seminary.

"Caleb, a Study in Heroic Character," and "Love as a Motive Power," were the themes on which Rev. Dr. Willey addressed his people in Benicia.

"The Rejected Stone" and "The W. C. T. U. and Woman's Work in the Temperance Cause" were the subjects of discourse in Crockett.

Rev. W. N. Meserve preached a very earnest temperance sermon in Antioch, Sabbath evening. He has supplied the church pulpit for several Sabbaths, and reports some religious interest.

An interesting meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in connection with the State University in Berkeley was held last Wednesday, on which occasion Rev. W. W. Scudder of Alameda delivered an appropriate address.

Ex-Governor J. P. St. John of Kansas is to deliver addresses in the First Congregational church, Oakland, next Sunday, in the afternoon, and also at night.

The Humboldt Association has been holding its sessions yesterday and to-day at Ferndale, and, from the programme, they must be having a good time and a feast of fat things.

"The Religion for Laboring Men" was the topic on which Rev. W. C. Merrill lectured last Sunday evening in Sacramento.

Rev. C. F. Clapp of East Oakland has recently given very acceptable and serviceable help in special revival meetings in Healdsburg and other places.

Last Lord's day afternoon a union temperance service was held in the Congregational church, Sacramento, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PORTLAND.—The financial system of the First Congregational church of Portland has no unusual characteristics. The church has tried most of the various expedients for providing current expenses, and has returned to the pew rental system as the most satisfactory. We aim to be moderate in our rates. The highest rent paid is \$120, and decreases from that to nothing. Our motto is "A place for every one, and every one in his place." These rents, together with the general morning and evening offerings, meet our current expenses. For the past year we have adopted the "Harris system" of benevolence, but, owing to a want of unanimity of the congregation to pledge themselves, are about to introduce a monthly basket-offering in the hope of gathering twelve basketfuls of missionary fragments; also, we have not hesitated to call for occasional offerings for local mission work, of which we have increasing need.

The church in Rio Vista received one to membership on confession March 11th. Sabbath evening last it observed the request of the W. C. T. U., and held a union service for that object, the Methodist church uniting with them. A collection was taken up for the cause.

The usual bi-monthly meeting of the Band of Hope was held in Bethany church, this city, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. T. U., at

which time the pastor also gave an address.

The State Prohibition Convention is to assemble in Metropolitan Hall, this city, on next Wednesday, at 11 A. M. Among the attractions will be Hon. John P. St. John, ex-Governor of Kansas, and Rollo Kirk Bryan, the inimitable chalk talker. Both of these are to take part in the mass-meeting in Metropolitan Temple on the evening of that day.

The Sacramento Record-Union gives nearly two columns of fine print to a report of the anniversary of the Sacramento Chinese Mission, which took place last Sunday, week at the First Congregational church in that city. A very large audience was present, and close attention was paid to all the services. The Union prints both the addresses made by Chinese brethren, and it is good reading. The one by Ong Tang was remarkable for the appositeness of the Scripture citations with which it abounded. The other, by Chin Toy, giving incidents of his visit to his native land, was sometimes amusing, but always thrilling—an appeal for Christian charity and missionary endeavor before which one would suppose that every purse would open and every heart be eager to cry, "Here am I; send me." W. C. P.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

METHODIST.—Sixteen persons have professed conversion in Santa Rosa. A very excellent and successful work has been done in Amador City. The special services in Stockton, under A. J. Bell have been quite successful. The Southern Railroad Company have added two more lots to the six already donated for a Methodist church at Pacific Grove. Now comes their generous donation of \$10,000 toward the erection of the church building. The ground is being prepared, and it is hoped the structure will be completed early in the fall.

PRESBYTERIAN.—St. John's church, at a congregational meeting last Wednesday evening, gave a unanimous call to the Rev. Dr. J. K. Smith of Galt, Canada, to become its pastor, and the same evening Howard-street Presbyterian church gave a like call to Dr. Smith's son to become their pastor. Both these ministers have been supply pastors to the churches named for three months past.

METHODIST SOUTH.—Very gratifying meetings have been held in Oakland. The Fresno church rejoices in valuable accessions to its membership.

A GOOD EASTER TALK.

[The following informal talk was given at an Easter concert several years ago, in a city on the Atlantic coast, by one who not long after laid his armor down and entered into rest. These notes were used only in preparation, but, chanced to be preserved, and are offered for publication with the hope that some young hearts may be stirred by them to a faithful life-work. Additional interest may be felt in them from the fact that the grand old Emperor has just finished his earthly service, while the boy who then received his counsel is now Crown Prince of Germany, the leader of great armies, and the one in whom rests, largely, the hope and destiny of the great German people, and whose power will be felt, directly and indirectly, by all the nations of the earth.]

A few weeks since a young man, I might almost say a boy, was placed in the German army that he might receive a military education. His father is the son of the Emperor of Germany, his mother the daughter of the Queen of England. For one in his position a military education is all important; and as he was about to enter the army the Emperor of Germany, in a parting address to his grandson, closed with these words: "Now go and do your duty, as it will be taught you." He did not say Go and do as you may think best, or as you may desire; but Go and do your duty as it will be taught you by your superiors. The military system of Germany is the most rigid in the world, and the lines of duty have to be strictly observed by the highest as well as by the lowest. This young prince will have some bitter experiences, and will, doubtless, think unnecessary burdens are placed upon him; that he might be indulged in many things, which as a soldier, he must be denied, in order that he may have the mental and physical training that will fit him for usefulness. The young prince will, doubtless, often wish to be relieved from toil; weary and fatigued by marching, he will think of the ease and comfort of home, and will even wish that he might exchange situations with many in the more humble walks of life; but he is to march along with other good soldiers and do his duty as it may be taught. If, in obedience, he endures, he may himself become the leader of successful armies, and in the end may wear a crown.

Now, I presume that you children are looking forward with interest to the time when you will be grown up and will occupy important positions in society, and I trust you desire to be soldiers of the cross. "Go now and do your duty as it will be taught you"; as it will be taught you by your parents, by your teachers, by the study of God's Word, at your homes and in the Sabbath-school, and by associating with other good soldiers who are striving to do the same thing. You will have trials and temptations, and may, at times, feel inclined to turn aside and do as those who have no higher aims than to enjoy such pleasures as are now within their reach, regardless of the future; but if you are faithful and obedient to the end you will be able to say, as did the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Such a life faintly resembles the life of our Saviour when on earth. He was obedient to his

parents, to every call to duty, went about doing good, teaching the ignorant, feeding the hungry, healing the sick and the lame, raising the dead to life. "Though he were a Son yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered." His life was one of labor and toil, and though foxes had holes, and the birds of the air their nests, the Son of Man had not where to lay his head; and as the hour of death approached he prayed that if it were possible the cup might pass from Him, but obediently said, "Nevertheless not my will but thine be done." When his sufferings were finished and he had lain in the grave three days, he was raised from the dead, as we have been so forcibly reminded by the services of this day, and is now seated on a throne of glory, crowned "King of kings, and Lord of lords." Children, if you would be like Him and "see Him as He is," "go do your duty as it will be taught you."

CALIFORNIA CHINESE MISSION.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts from October 1, 1887, to March 15, 1888, omitting some offerings which, as having been designed for the expenses of the previous fiscal year, have been already acknowledged:

I. From Local Missions:	
Alameda—Chinese monthly offerings,	\$2.
\$2; Congregational Church: O. M. Goddard, \$10; anniversary collection, to constitute Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., a life member, \$25.	\$37 00
Marysville Chinese monthly offerings	\$3 05
Oakland Japanese monthly offerings	4 20
Oroville Chinese monthly offerings.	7 15
Petaluma—Chinese monthly offerings, \$12.75; friend, \$6.	18 75
Sacramento Chinese monthly offerings.	31 75
San Diego—Chinese monthly offerings, \$6.25; Ah Quin, \$2.	8 25
Santa Barbara—Chinese monthly offerings, \$84.25; Chinese: Special offerings for books, \$11.50; anniversary collection, \$4.50; annual memberships (American), of which from Mrs. J. Bates, \$2, \$10.	90 25
Santa Cruz—Chinese monthly offerings, \$29.40; Chinese: Special offering for refitting and furnishing Mission House, \$50.85.	80 25
Stockton Chinese monthly offerings.	27 90
Tucson Chinese monthly offerings.	15 70
Total.	\$354 25

II. From Churches:	
Oakland First Congregational Church.	\$150 00
San Francisco Bethany Church.	15 00
From Americans: E. P., \$2.50.	
From Chinese: Central Mission monthly, \$23.15; Barnes Mission monthly, \$7.95; West Mission monthly, \$17.90; Ng Hing, \$4.	55 50
Total.	\$205 50

III. From Individual Offerings:	
Edson D. Hale.	\$ 2 00
Mrs. Jane Sanford.	12 00
Total.	\$14 00

IV. From Eastern Friends:	
Bucksport, Me., Miss Julia Barnard	\$ 5 00
Marlboro, Mass., Miss H. F. Alexander.	1 00
Albany, N. Y., Mission Sunday-school, by J. C. Hughes, Esq.	14 00
Spring Valley, N. Y., Miss M. C. Waterbury.	30 00
Total.	\$50 00

Grand total, \$633 75

I also desire to acknowledge the following offerings, made in San Diego, towards the enlargement and furnishing of the Mission House in that city:

W. Collier.	\$50 00
Albany, N. Y., C. C. Thompson.	25 00
Mrs. W. W. Stewart.	25 00
Daniel Stone.	25 00
Bryant Howard.	25 00
O. S. Hubbell.	20 00
San Diego Lumber Company.	15 00
Mrs. J. V. Noble.	15 00
G. W. Marston.	10 00
Mrs. J. H. Perry.	10 00
Mrs. C. T. Hamilton.	5 00
Mrs. A. H. Pauly.	5 00
Emma R. Sheldon.	5 00
George M. Hitchcock.	5 00
Mrs. A. E. Thibault.	5 00
Mrs. H. L. Story.	5 00
Mrs. Bennett.	5 00
Mrs. E. W. Morse.	5 00
Mrs. M. J. Kew.	5 00
M. T. Gilmore.	5 00
J. H. Smith.	5 00
Mrs. Dr. Powers.	5 00
Mrs. J. C. Packard.	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Harwood.	5 00
Friends not named, through Mrs. M. A. McKee.	79 00
Other friends, in sums of \$2 or less.	19 00
Anniversary collection.	21 40

From Americans in San Diego.	\$440 00
Pittsburgh (Pa.) Hazelton Mis. Sy.	\$ 7 00
Detroit (Mich.) Bright Shining Stars, by Mrs. Black.	5 00
Total.	\$120 00

From Chinese as follows:	
Ah Quin.	\$20 00
Quon Suey.	17 00
Him Que.	5 00
Quon Man.	5 00
Quon Sue.	5 00
Jay Young.	5 00
Ah Soon.	5 00
Lee Fook.	5 00
Ah Sing.	5 00
Charley Min.	5 00
Quon Woon.	5 00
Hon Woe.	5 00
Charley Sing.	2 50
Other offerings of \$2 or less.	27 00
Total from Chinese.	\$116 50
Grand total.	\$668 50

E. PALACHE, Treas. C. C. M.

DIED.

STRONG.—In East Granby, Mass., March 25th, Rev. David A. Strong, D.D., aged 67 years, brother of Rev. J. H. Strong of Clayton, Contra Costa county.

His first pastorate was in South Durland, Mass.—seventeen years; after that, for about the same length of time, he was pastor of the Coleraine church, in the same county, then at South Granby three years—a life-work in those churches.

The most inveterate borrowers are those who borrow trouble.

SUSAN E. MEADER.

Susan E. Meader, wife of Captain T. B. Meader, was widely known and highly esteemed in this city, and in Calaveras and San Joaquin counties. She was interested in many benevolent works—in foreign missionary work, and various religious institutions, and especially in the Fruit and Flower mission. This charity she aided greatly, and she was regarded with sincere friendship by many of its members.

In choice literature she took a deep interest, and did much to stimulate its circulation. Her fine critical powers and superior tastes made her appreciate such productions fully, and the enjoyment and elevating influences to be derived from them she estimated to be a great power for good. Choice papers, magazines and books she sent to be distributed in hospitals and asylums and to homes where such things came with a rareness that might be compared to that of pure sweet lilies in the lowly walks of life. The letters and other compositions which she has received, showing her connection with works of charity, and the broadest, truest friendship, make a highly interesting collection and a beautiful memento of a devoted Christian. Yet she was remarkably retiring, shrinking from all public notice with marked reserve.

Mrs. Meader was born in Falmouth, Mass., on the 16th day of March, 1818. She came with her husband to California in the early days, when the tide of emigration set strongly toward the Golden Coast. Captain Meader formed an advantageous business connection with the mining company of the copper mines in Copperopolis, a town which was then one of the most flourishing in the great mining belt of the State. So here they made their home and remained for more than twenty years. Meader House, her residence, was a beautiful place, remarkable for its size and elegance, and for its picturesque surroundings—the lower hills of the Sierras on the direct lines of the Calaveras Big Trees and Yosemite Valley travel. When the great copper mines which are a characteristic feature of Copperopolis were closed, prosperity did not desert their home. Mr. Meader still held a good position on the Union claim, and Meader House became a charming resting-place for tourists, and a resort for summer visitors, offering them, beside all the serene beauty of its surroundings, the rare comforts and enjoyments of a home, which owed its chief delights to its refined and cheerful mistress. She was so thoroughly domestic, and her aims were so centered in home life and its occupations, that only her warm friends could form a just estimate of her worth.

In reviewing Mrs. Meader's noble life, one feature should not be omitted. Having no children of her own, she adopted the orphan child of a sister, and brought this girl up, giving her the best advantages. Miss Etie Meader proved to be all that her foster mother could desire; but the young girl had scarcely reached full maturity when she died. This was a great grief to Mrs. Meader. At first it seemed almost more than she could survive. After recovering her health, she always took a deep interest in young girls, who chanced to be poor, or friendless, and although she never adopted another daughter, many have received from her a mother's counsel and care. In the Copperopolis Sunday-school she was a tireless and energetic worker. Scarcely a child has grown up in the vicinity during the last twenty years, but has been a member of her class, and has learned to delight in her gentle teachings.

Upon the 30th of last May, Meader House was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Meader bore the shock and loss of her long-cherished home with fortitude. Still her health immediately began to fail, though she was not deemed seriously ill until a few weeks before her death. She was removed to Stockton, where superior medical assistance was secured, but her case soon became hopeless. The resignation and Christian faith which she manifested during all her sufferings were touching and beautiful, and proved that she had become fully prepared, and was ready for the silent gleaner and the celestial life beyond his power. Numerous friends—those who had known her intimately for long years, and among them several young ladies, who had found her a second mother, came long journeys, and crowded around her bed to bid her a last farewell, and express their sorrow. But the saddest feature of this parting was her separation from Captain Meader. They had been married for almost forty years, and their mutual affection was singularly deep and sincere. Perfect harmony existed between them on every subject, and each felt for the other the highest esteem and exercised the tenderest care. She died on the 10th inst., and her funeral took place on the 12th in Stockton, where her remains were laid to rest near those of departed kindred.

Farewell! Thy work is ended,
And thy life, grown full and ripe, and
blessed with many years,
Has to the mansion Christ prepared ascended,
And gained the recompense of toil and tears.

Farewell! The word is spoken
By quivering lips, from hearts that bleed
and faint;
And yet, thy holy faith is a bright token
Of the beyond, where thou wilt wait, a saint.

To meet each mourner gladly
In that fair, heavenly realm which no grief
mars,
Where all forgot will be, how hard, how sadly,
We pressed the path which lies below the stars.

Thy memory shall linger
Like some rare perfume, such as India's
musk;
Though it be spilled by a too careful finger,
Its sweets still rise, till Time's long day
grows dusk.

Thy work will live, and growing,
Forevermore shall bloom; for he who
grieves
As on he passes, precious seeds a-sowing,
'Shall doubtless come again,' with golden
sheaves.

And, though we say farewell with sorrow,
An Easter lily springing from the mold
Breathes of that city, where, some glad to-morrow,
Together we shall walk the streets of gold.

MARGUERITE B. DAVIS.

San Francisco, March 24, 1888.

Y. M. C. A. BUSINESS MEETING.

Last Thursday evening the regular monthly business meeting of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association was held in the parlors of the building. Mr. John F. Merrill of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, and a member of the Board of Directors, presided. Reports were presented from sixteen of the working committees, including the Educational Department, German and Deaf-Mute Branches, and the Twentieth-street Branch, Committee on Visitation of Sick Young Men, Employment, General Secretary, etc. Ninety-five members were elected during the evening, and there was a short original paper by Mrs. Kate H. Hart, songs by Miss Jennie McCullen and Mr. Frank Hart. Refreshments were served in abundance by the last of the First Congregational church, and the parlors were thronged throughout the evening. It was a most interesting and enjoyable business meeting, and the reports were exceedingly interesting. A week ago last Sunday Mr. McCoy organized an Association at Petaluma, which starts off under encouraging auspices, and he is to go South in a few days to lay the corner-stone of the new Association buildings at Pasadena and Riverside. This special work for young men is getting a strong hold upon our people of the State.

A high school girl living out of town, in a private letter, writes thus about the great snow-storm in Connecticut: "It began snowing last Sunday night, 11th March, and snowed hard until Wednesday, when it slackened up. Then it snowed some Thursday. Friday it was pleasant and warm. The wind blew hard all the time, and drifted the snow badly. It was half-way up the windows of our house, and over the fences in a great many places. It was from three to four feet deep on a level, and drifts up to fifteen feet. I have not been to school all this week, for the trains stopped running on Monday, and it has taken till today to get the cuts cleared. If it is pleasant Monday I shall try to go, but I shall walk to the depot if the crust is hard enough to hold me, and shall take my sled along."

A grocery firm of Kirksville, Mo., issues the following advertisement: "Any man who drinks two drachms of whisky per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get \$2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

STOVES.

Oil Stoves.	\$1 00 to \$30 00
Gas Stoves.	75 " 35 00
Gasoline Stoves.	7 00 " 30 00
Coal Ranges.	6 00 " 75 00

LAMPS.

Table Lamps.	\$5 15 to \$10 00
Hanging Lamps.	1 75 " 20 00
66-candle-power Lamps.	1 75 " 10 00
66-candle-power Burners.	1 50 each.
Bright Star Oil, per can, \$1.50; Deodorized Oil, \$2; Gasoline, \$1.25. Ten cents each allowed for empty cans in exchange.	
Agate and Tin Ware at lowest prices.	

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OXFORD TEACHERS' BIBLES

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BIBLE HOUSE.

Children's Corner.

THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me, "As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee, 'Why are those eggs that you see me hold Colored so finely with blue and gold? And what is the wonderful bird that lays Such beautiful eggs on Easter Days?'"

"You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died Crowned with thorns and crucified; And how Joseph, the wealthy—whom God reward— Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord, And piously tumbled it within the rock And closed the gate with a mighty block."

"Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew With pendulous leaves and blossoms of blue, And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast A beautiful singing-bird sat on her nest, Which was bordered with mosses like mala-chite."

Which held four eggs of an ivory white.

"Now when the bird from her deep recess Beheld the Lord in his burial dress, And looked on the heavenly face so pale, And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail, Her heart high broke with a sudden pang, And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang."

"All night long till the moon was up She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup, A song of sorrow as wild and shrill As the homeless wind as it roams the hill, So full of tears, so loud and long, That the grief of the world seemed turned to song."

"But soon there came through the weeping night A glimmering angel clothed in white; And he rolled the stone from the tomb away Where the Lord of earth and heaven lay, And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom, And in living luster came from the tomb."

"Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree Beheld the celestial mystery, And its heart was filled with a sweet delight, And it poured a song on the throbbing night, Notes, climbing notes, till higher, higher, They shot to heaven like spears of fire."

"When the glittering, white-robed angel heard The sorrowing song of the grieving bird, And heard the following chant of mirth That hailed Christ risen again on earth, He said: 'Sweet bird, be forever blest, Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest,'"

"And ever, my child, since that blessed night, When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light, The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue, And burn with red and gold and blue, Reminding mankind, in their simple way, Of the holy marvel of Easter day."

—Evangelical Messenger.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

SYNDEY DAYRE.

"That's the very thing I'd like," said Caleb to himself. He was passing a florist's window and had stopped, attracted by the lovely things he saw. Pots of lilies stood there in the full glory of their Easter bloom, and every one looked at them first, but when he turned to the carnations, heliotropes and half-blown roses, each with its own burden of rich perfume, Caleb felt that it would be hard to say which were most beautiful.

But his attention had been drawn to some frames, which lay back partly out of sight; anchors, crosses, wreaths and other shapes were woven in wire, and he perceived at a glance that they were to be filled with flowers. The idea pleased him greatly, for he had never seen anything like them before. He heard the florist explaining to a lady that they were to be filled with wet moss, in which the stems of a the flowers were to be set. He added that he had just procured them to use in church decorations for the coming Easter season, for which they were highly prized.

"If I only had one I mused Caleb, as he limped slowly away. 'A bunch of my pretty wild flowers will beautifully show among all those fine lilies and roses, but if I could only put them into one of those crosses they'd show beautifully.' He walked on, thinking very deeply.

"I wonder if I couldn't make one of those frames, if I tried hard. 'T wouldn't look like the boughten ones, but the wire won't show under the flowers. I've a great mind to try."

Caleb ventured a few treasured cents on a small roll of wire and worked with all the patience and skill he could command, until he succeeded in turning out a fairly well-shaped wire cross. Much delighted with it, he could hardly wait for the morning before Easter Sunday, when he carried it to the woods where the wild flowers grew.

For many a day he had been watching them. He was fond of going to the woods, but it was always by himself, not with the noisy, jolly crowd of boys, who were strong and sure-footed, and made hill and valley ring with their merry shouts. He could not keep up with their quick steps, and was a little afraid of getting hurt in their rough play; so the nutting and fishing and berrying and maple sugar parties always went without him, and he chose for his sauntering days when they were occupied with something else.

The April sun seemed to shine pleasantly upon him, and he rejoiced in every shade of tender green which appeared on the budding trees. He knew exactly where to find the most perfect flowers—the sunniest banks, where the sunshine coaxed the earliest blooms, and the shady nooks, where they lingered the longest.

"Anemones and hepaticas, here you are, my beauties! I was afraid you would be gone before Easter came. But if Easter had come any earlier the other beauties wouldn't have been here."

With loving, painstaking fingers he filled the frame with the sodden moss which grew about the roots of the trees, and set into it a great number of the lit-

tle flowers, sometimes pausing in fresh delight over more than usually delicate tinting, or to inhale the faint, delicious breath of spring which their perfume gave.

"Now for the others! No one else knows where those lovely violets grow." Carefully picking his way around a high rock which seemed to incline in tender shelter over some green leaves at its foot, he brushed them aside with gentle hands, and picked, one by one, the violets, the very first of the season. He set them among the others, wondering if the spring sunshine had not kept her daintiest coloring for them, and as his flower cross was finished, feeling sure that even lilies and roses could not be sweeter.

But in the moment that he was gazing at it with great satisfaction, a sound of sobbing near him caused him quickly to turn his head, when he perceived near him a little girl.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in trouble at the sight of her sorrow, and much surprised at seeing any one where he had supposed himself alone.

"Oh," she said, in a fresh burst of grief, "I thought no one knew where my flowers were. I've been watching them all the spring, and now I had just come for them."

"Why, I didn't think any one but me knew where they were," said Caleb. "Did you want them very badly? Are you so fond of them?"

"It wasn't for myself," said the child. "I was going to sell them." Caleb drew back a little at thought of his beautiful violets being sold. "Mother has been sick a long time, and I have sold many wild flowers. And a gentleman told me he would give me a dollar for a bunch of the first violets—and I wanted to get some nice things for mother."

"There are no more violets," said Caleb, hunting among the leaves.

"No. Perhaps I can find a few of the others," she looked about, once in awhile putting up a thin little hand to brush away her tears.

And Caleb watched her in great perplexity. He could not earn money like other boys could; he had nothing to bring for an Easter offering but these wild flowers. How could he give them up? And yet, how could he keep them, when the little girl wanted comforts for her sick mother? His heart was full of compassion for her, as, with slow steps he went toward her and placed the cross in her hands.

"Sell that," he said. "It was my Easter offering, but you want it most."

"Oh, not all you've got," cried the child.

"Yes, keep it just so." And with a face of delight, and eagerly spoken words of thanks, she hurried away.

In the bright sunshine of the Easter morning, Caleb's first thought was of being the only one who had no flowers to carry to church.

"But how sorry I should feel now, if I had kept them," he said to himself later, as he watched while class after class of children carried their gifts to the great frame which had been prepared for them. Higher they rose, trailing ivies, and smiling forming a background upon which tasteful hands arranged the glowing wealth of the hot-house side by side with treasures carefully nurtured in sunny home windows.

But the last class had been up, and still one thing was wanting to make up the beautiful perfection of the whole. Then a gentleman stepped forward, and, above all the other offerings, placed a cross formed of wild flowers—anemones, spring beauties, hepaticas, violets—Caleb almost sprang from his seat in excitement, for they were all there, each dear little flower, seeming to smile out its own sweet story of wild-wood life; and it was his cross!

"I have chosen a high place for the wild flowers," said the gentleman, pointing to them, "because I think that they come more than any others, laden with the true spirit of loving self-sacrifice in which we rejoice in bringing gifts to our risen Lord. I do not know whose hands gathered them and wove them so carefully into this cross. I only know that a little boy had prepared it for his Easter offering, and meeting a child in sorrow and need, gave it to her. I hope he realizes that no more blessed gift can be laid at the Master's feet than a deed of loving kindness to one of his little ones, for of such gifts He has said, 'Ye did it unto Me.' It was given fully and freely, in singleness of heart, without hope of reward or approbation. The flowers will fade, but the memory of this Easter season will never cease to be a bright spot in his heart. You have all come"—he looked affectionately at the earnest faces turned up to his—"with hands full of emblems of the triumph over death and sin, and with hearts filled with love to the blessed Lord who won this victory for us, but I am sure you will agree with me that this flower-decked cross is a doubly sanctified gift."

More was said, but Caleb heard little of what followed in the fullness of his rejoicing over the beautiful words he had heard. His last look as he left the church was back at the wild flowers, whispering softly to himself, "I did not know before that it would still be my Easter offering."—*Congregationalist.*

SOLDIERS.—The average number of men capable of bearing arms in the principal countries of Europe is 24 and a small fraction per 100 of population. In France it is 27; in Ireland and Scotland, 22; and in the United States, 23.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—*Ruskin.*

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

THE REASON.—"The Electoral College seems to be falling into disfavor," remarked Cusmo. "Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Fangle; "it pays no attention to baseball."—*Life.*

Husband (groaning): "The rheumatism in my leg is coming on again." Wife (with sympathy): "Oh, I am so sorry, John; I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain."

A young preacher picked up Bishop Pierce's hat and put it on his head, and it was exactly a fit. "Why, Bishop," said he, "your head and mine are exactly the same size." "Yes," replied the Bishop, "on the outside."

Her Cousin: "I must say, Emma, that you've grown quite handsome. There, now, can't you give me a compliment in return?" His Cousin: "Well, I should say that you are a gentleman of most excellent taste."—*Harper's Bazar.*

At an evening party in Cork a lady said to her partner, "Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother," "Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused, "I had not noticed the resemblance."

In an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter "Q" had dropped from the word lawful, and it read, "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Young Man (to editor): "What do you think I ought to get for the poem, sir?" Editor: "You ought to get ten dollars." Young Man (overjoyed): "Oh, that is fully as much as I expected." Editor: "Yes, ten dollars or thirty days." That was more than he expected.—*The Epoch.*

Mamma (to nurse): "What is all that noise in the nursery, Marie?" Nurse: "Ze little dog, madame, has taken Mies Flossie's candy." Mamma: "Well, take it from him at once, Marie, and give it back to Miss Flossie. Poor little Fido, he mustn't eat so much candy; it might make him sick."—*The Epoch.*

"Papa, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie. "The best way, nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple-size cart-wheel hat and a fancy parasol." "Yes," replied Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."

An absent-minded clergyman was handed a slip, as he was about entering the chancel, on which was written, for his own information, "Jones is better; you needn't pray for him again." Mixing this up with his other notices, he astonished the congregation by reading it in regular order: "Jones is better; you needn't pray for him again." He was in blissful ignorance of the mistake until some one told him of it after service.

Two Highlanders, killed in primitive order, dropped inadvertently into a Protestant Episcopal chapel on a Sabbath, and seated themselves in a comfortable pew. Having never been in an Episcopal chapel before, their astonishment cannot be described on a beautiful symphony being struck up by the organist. At that instant, a gentleman came to take possession of the seat, and civilly laid his hand on the shoulder of one of them, and pointed to the door. "Hout, tout!" cried the Highlander, "take out Donald there; he be a far better dancer than me."

HOW A DOG FOLLOWS.

Some very interesting experiments were recently made in England to determine how it is that the dog is enabled to follow the trail of his master. A gentleman used for a series of tests a pointer with which he had hunted for several years.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the dog being guided by anything but the sense of smell. The hunter, with his hunting boots on, first walked about a mile over the grass, turning in various directions, and then hid himself. The dog, not having seen him, of course, was brought to the starting-place, where he at once took the trail, and followed it rapidly and accurately until he found his master.

The hunter then headed a procession of twelve persons walking in Indian file, each man being careful to place his feet in the footprints of the man preceding him. After walking two hundred yards, the hunter turned to the right, followed by one-half of the men, and the other half turned to the left. Each party made a number of turns and detours, and then concealed themselves. The dog, when put on the trail, followed it promptly, and at the point of separation, without a moment's hesitation, turned to the right, as his master had done.

A stranger to the dog then put on the master's hunting boots, and the dog followed his tracks as quickly as he had followed his master's. When the master wore the boots of the stranger, the dog would not follow, nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with naked feet, but he did follow his master under the same conditions, though slowly and with much hesitation.

The hunter tried wearing new boots, and the dog refused to follow. He then resumed his hunting boots, after pasting paper under the soles and along the sides; but the dog paid no attention to the trail until a point was reached where a very small piece of the paper had fallen from the boot; from that on the trail was followed rapidly.

In the last experiment the hunter, with his hunting boots on, free of paper, walked fifty yards, and then drew off his boots and walked three hundred yards barefoot, but holding his boots in his hand, which hung down. Then, raising his arm and still holding the boots, he walked three hundred yards more. The dog, when placed on the trail, followed the whole distance without hesitation.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snowstorm came on. They started for their camp.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that, if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the chief surveyor caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack," and said: "If any one can show us our way to camp in this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head in the air, as if proud of the trust. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction and walked off, and the men followed him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms around Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done. I know this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

And we know the parties, and that it is true.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HOW THE DUTCH REPUBLIC WAS SAVED.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes the *Boston Herald* as follows: "Most persons have heard of the great William of Orange, called 'The Silent.' If the dog enemies will turn to Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic' (vol. II, p. 398), they'll find this little incident related. On the night of the 12th of September, 1572, a body of Alva's Spanish troops surprised Dutch William's camp. They slaughtered right and left—for two hours long the Spaniards butchered their foes." Then Motley goes on to describe what happened: "The boldest, led by Julian in person, made at once for the Prince's tent. His guards and himself were in a profound sleep, but a small spaniel, which always passed the night upon his bed, was a more faithful sentinel. The creature sprang forward, barking furiously at the sound of hostile footsteps, and scratching his master's face with his paws. There was but just time for the Prince to mount a horse, which was ready saddled, and to effect his escape through the darkness before his enemies sprang into the tent. His servants were cut down, his master of the horse and two of his secretaries, who gained their lives, and but for the little dog's watchfulness William of Orange, upon whose shoulders the whole weight of his country's fortunes depended, would have been led within a week to an ignominious death. To his dying day the Prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber." Motley might also have added that in the Church at Delft may be seen to this day at the foot of the recumbent statue of the great Hollander the figure in stone of that little spaniel."

ON KISSING.

We learn from an exchange that there is great need of care in kissing. This is true. A gentleman should never kiss a lady unless he knows her very well. It is also considered very bad taste to kiss the enamel of any lady's cheek. If the face be heavily powdered and the lips are rouged, the only resort is to carefully kiss on the top of the nose. Babies should never be kissed, especially when they are asleep or dirty. It is also unfashionable to give the old-time smack, that savors too much of the dynamite bomb. Kissing is an art, and only those with a genius for kissing should pursue it as a profession. When arsenic has been used on the cheek, strong coffee should be taken after the kiss. Do not kiss every female friend on the street, young lady; it wastes your time and makes the discontented old bachelor, who writes disagreeable things about kissing, so furiously envious, that he goes straightway and adds another column to his sins.—*Christian Hour.*

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

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Miscellany.

THE APRIL JESTER.

Outdoors, the white rain coming down
Made rivers of the streets in town,
And where the snow in patches lay
It washed the winter's signs away.
How fast it fell! How warm it felt!
The icicles began to melt—
A silver needle seemed each one
Thrust in the furnace of the sun,
The Vulcan Sun who forged them all—
In raindrops, crystals round and small.
The air was filled with tiny ropes
On which were strung these April hopes—
White water beads that searched the ground
Until the thirsty seeds were found.
Then came blue sky; the streets were clean,
And in the garden spots of green
Were glistening in golden light—
The grass—and spring—almost in sight!
A bluebird sang its song near by—
Oh! happy spring is come, thought I—
When, all at once, the air grew chill;
Again the snowflakes fell, until
The ground was covered, and the trees
Stood in the drifts up to their knees.
I think this bird who dared to sing
Was premature about the spring.
Or else he joked in manner cool,
And caroled lightly, "April Fool!"
—St. Nicholas.

[For THE PACIFIC.]

QUIET COURAGE—III.

On a Night on Big Blue.

BY HARRIET NEWELL SWANWICK.

(Concluded.)

Toward Frank all eyes now turned; and their evident feeling of pity for his youth, and their expressions of unwillingness to see him exposed to the manifold dangers of the situation, aroused in him all the manly pride of his nature. His father, the man who had been chosen to serve as captain, said, by way of softening the facts, and giving some good grounds for shielding his son, that, as the boy was not strong, and it might prove a serious matter for him to be out in a storm, he would take Frank's place. He little knew, father though he was, what was passing through the boy's mind at that moment, nor how much of his own brave spirit the stripling had inherited, along with his mother's weaker constitution. The mother having died some three years prior to the date on which our hero was introduced to the reader, made the father feel doubly tender toward him. He was not permitted to take his son's place, however, as, in addition to the remonstrances of the younger men, several of whom volunteered to stand for Frank, the boy himself, in his quiet firm way, settled the matter by positively refusing to allow any one to go out in his regular turn. Seeing the bold, determined air of his son, the father, reluctantly—yet with secret satisfaction, evinced by rubbing the palms of his hands together; a habit of his when well pleased—yielded; and, without more ado, Frank shouldered his double-barrelled shot-gun, slung shot-flask and powder-horn at his side, and went out alone. He counted the horses as the watch left him—who, by the way, lingered, tired and hungry, for an hour near Frank, but out of sight, so loth was he to leave him at such a perilous post alone; his offer to share the duty having been, like the others, refused. Then, for Frank, began a steady, monotonous tramp, tramp, tramp, around the herd, with eyes and ears ever on the alert to note the stealthy approach of danger. There was a company of emigrants from Kentucky encamped near our party farther up the Big Blue, who had lately lost some of their finest horses; this fact accounted for our party overtaking them, as they had done but a few days before. Of Kentuckians it has been said that, in their affections, horses rank first, selves second and wives third. This we neither assert nor deny; but, however that may be, they justly value their noble horses; and, when our friends fell in with these emigrants, the second day after they had been robbed of some of their best blooded animals, and had found others, less valuable, dead or dying, bristling with Indian arrows, they all looked as if there had been a funeral among them. They had been in the habit of leaving their stock unprotected, grazing near camp, from dark until daylight, not fully realizing the danger from the Indians until too late. After hearing from the Illinoisans of their constant care of their horses, they decided never to leave their few remaining ones unprotected.

This loss so near them, and so recent, furnishing proof positive that the Pawnees were prowling around intent upon making things lively for emigrants, made the position of our boy-hero one of real, and not imaginary, danger. His duty, apart from its threatening aspect, was not, to him, unpleasant. His love for horses, and his liking for their companionship, prevented the feeling of loneliness overcoming him. Sometimes, indeed, his thoughts would wander back to his boyhood's home and friends in Illinois. The memory of the loved ones there, however, did not weaken, but tended, rather, to strengthen, his resolve to act his chosen part, whatever happened, so faithfully that they should be proud to hear of his manliness. For some time he heard nothing more exciting than the wind, and now and then a branch falling from the swaying tree-tops near, or the rumble of distant thunder. All of these signs of a gathering storm ceased after a while, and the horses became very quiet, without showing any further symptoms of uneasiness. Then the sounds we have described as made by the Indians increased, and seemed to draw nearer. This, as they afterward ascertained, was the fact. They were stationing themselves between the two camps, but directing their attention chiefly, if not entirely, to the camp, and its belongings,

of our Southern party. Having found this unguarded previously, and doubtless knowing that the other herd of horses were regularly watched, they quite naturally sought the prey within easiest reach before looking farther.

To say that at this juncture our hero's heart did not beat quickly, or his eyes open wider, and, at every turn in his march, that he did not give a backward glance over his shoulder, would be claiming for him an unnatural degree of fearlessness; and, besides, as you all must know, the brave boy or man is not he who is *insensible to danger*, but he who *faces a known peril* in the discharge of a plain duty; and though his cheek may blanch, and his hand tremble, yet stands firmly by his post, under all circumstances.

Soon after the threatened storm blew over, and before the sky had grown quite clear, Frank distinctly heard a gun fired close to the horses, on the side of the herd farthest from him and also farthest from camp.

He lowered his gun from his shoulder and ran quickly through the herd to the spot from which the sound had come. He was in time to smell the powder, but not to see from whence it came. Feeling confident, however, that an enemy was lurking near, he took up his march on that side for the time, instead of going entirely around the herd. He spoke soothingly to the horses most exposed; and, as the sky grew yet clearer, he looked sharply into the few bushes near, expecting that the next shot would be aimed at him. The report of the gun was heard in camp, and very soon the older men—some of whom had not slept at all—were out searching for our brave boy. As he was still on the farther side of the herd they failed to find him as soon as they had expected. Imagine their great relief on seeing him at last, unhurt and marching quietly up and down near the beloved horses, as composedly, so it seemed, as if nothing at all unusual had occurred!

His speedy appearance among the horses after the shot had prevented a stampede, most likely; and had the herd once started they would probably have run for hours, and in all directions. There yet remained an hour before the regular time for the second watch to come on duty, and Frank insisted upon filling out his time. He had shown such good judgment, as well as coolness in this matter that it was thought but fair to let him have his way, and, accordingly, all returned to camp. The custom was for the early watch to run into camp at 1 o'clock, call the relief, and hasten back to his place to stand until the late watch had eaten a cold lunch, washed down with a pint tin cup of coffee, which had been kept hot by being half buried in the embers of the camp fire. When Frank went in on this eventful night, he found most of the company awake, and that they had decided to hereafter double the guard; never again to risk one man, much less a boy, alone in charge of the horses. The two who were to take Frank's place were ready to go at once, and Frank, too much excited (though outwardly calm) to eat as usual before sleeping, crept into his blankets without loss of time, and with a proud sense of having faithfully performed an important duty, under such circumstances as made full-grown men shrink from undertaking it, single-handed.

He slept, as only a tired boy can, until called to an early breakfast, where he blushed to hear, on all sides, expressions of commendation, as sincere as they were universal. He glanced up at his father, and, meeting a quiet smile of loving approval, felt that to be worth more than all the kind words of the other men. His father had ever been his model hero, and henceforth there was a new bond between them; and while there could not be more affection, there was closer sympathy, and a truer sense of appreciation.

This seems to the writer to be a good point for leaving off; and yet, as the query, "Who fired the shot?" is likely to arise, in boy-minds, at least, it may as well be answered. Dick Green had long wished for a chance to prove to their mutual friends that Frank Phillips was not so brave as they had believed him to be ever since he had distinguished himself, so signally, in a moment of unlooked-for danger, at the school picnic. He heard the talk about doubling the guard that evening, and later, heard Frank's name called as next to go on guard-duty. He at once foresaw that if Frank held to his purpose of standing alone under such circumstances, he would add fresh laurels to those already won, and this thought was intolerable. He set himself to work, therefore, to give Frank a real cause for alarm, and believed that the outcome would be desertion.

Dick had a cousin in the company, a love-lorn youth of 20, who was induced to carry out a scheme devised by Dick in consideration of Dick's promised influence—believed by his cousin to be weighty—in his behalf, with Dick's step-sister, a fair maiden of sweet 16, who had refused to listen to the love-late young Simpson had longed to tell before leaving Illinois. The plan was to steal out, near the middle of the night, and hide as near the horses as possible, on the side of the herd farthest from camp, and when Frank was on the opposite side in his rounds, to fire off a charge of powder only, and then, as slyly as possible, to creep back to camp and into bed, while the excitement, sure to follow the report of a gun, lasted.

We have seen how they carried out this cowardly undertaking, and can realize their disappointment over the re-

sult. Dick failed to keep his promise to Simpson, saying he had gained nothing by their trick, and he did not intend to trouble himself in the interest of his cousin, who thereupon vowed to expose the whole business; and, thus, the story leaked out on the eve of the "break-up," after reaching the Pacific Coast, where every man struck out for himself. A sense of shame, rather than fear, had kept him silent during the long journey; even he could see how contemptible his own course had been. The "night on Big Blue" was often recalled, in after years, by the various participants, though with widely different feelings, as we may readily imagine.

FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

Our experience in Philadelphia has led us to these four principles, which we regard as the four cardinal points of wise charity:

1. *Intelligent and discriminating relief.* Relief there must be, but it must be discriminating, and based on knowledge. It must have regard not only to the present condition, but to the history of the applicant. Indiscriminate relief is a curse. The soup-house is from the adversary. Next to alcohol, and perhaps alone beside it, the most pernicious food is indiscriminate soup. A person once wondered how there were so many Smiths, until in passing through Massachusetts he saw a sign, "The Smith Manufacturing Company." Upon every soup-house might be written, "The Tramp and Pauper Manufactory."

2. *Employment, not bread.* Give people something to do, rather than something to eat. My brethren in the ministry are, perhaps, somewhat responsible for the aspect in which labor is presented. We are apt to speak of the curse of labor; but labor is not the penalty, but the remedy. We are very apt to mistake in this matter. A child goes out and roams the fields and eats something that is not good for him. He comes home, and in the night is sick, and his parents get him medicine. The child is apt to think that the medicine is the penalty. No, it is the remedy. Now, labor is not the curse, but the remedy; and there can be nothing like reform without labor as the beginning of the alphabet.

3. *Personal contact between the helper and the helped.* We must touch the poor. We can do nothing with a ten-foot pole. Personal contact inspires the poor with self-respect, kindles in them something of nobleness and chivalry. Lord Shaftesbury found in a very degraded neighborhood a lovely young woman teaching a score or more of savage men. He said to the man in charge of the building, "I am alarmed about that young woman being here." The superintendent said: "I am alarmed, too, but not for the same reason you are. I am afraid that some man, perhaps half drunk, might come in and offer an effort to her; he would be torn in pieces." Lord Shaftesbury was attending a flower-show, where the very poor were exhibiting the flowers that they had raised, when he felt a little hand touching his. He looked down, and a little girl said to him, "Please, sir, will you let me give you a kiss?" He took her in his arms, saying, "Most gladly, and I will give you a kiss in return." This contact awakens nobleness, if there is a spark of it in a man's heart.

4. *Moral reinforcement.* It is not bread they want, it is soul; it is not soup, it is spirit. The poor are bankrupt in brain, in heart, in hope, in inventiveness, in resources, in self-government. It is these that need to be reinforced and built up. Let them seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else will be added to them. If the sources of pauperism were removed, there would be no pauperism, and only poverty enough remaining among us to keep our hearts gently pulsating with love for our fellow-men.—*International Record.*

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Did you ever tell what the Lord has done for your soul?

How does the world know you are a Christian?

Did you ever make a personal appeal to an unconvinced soul?

Do your religious engagements take precedence over all others?

Have you tried to induce any one to attend your church meetings?

Have you welcomed any stranger in church?

Do you visit the poor, the sick, the strangers?

Have you sought to know our new members?

Do you "go into the world and preach the gospel" by giving as the Lord has prospered you?

Is secret prayer your daily habit?

Do you observe daily worship?—*Thought and Work.*

Note on I. Tim. v. 23.—Timothy was probably a dyspeptic. Water in the stomach is impure, and wine used as we would use tea. If nothing is the matter with your stomach, and you have no decided infirmities, you have no right to quote this verse. If you do quote it, emphasize the words, "A little wine." The probability is, if you have any stomach trouble, that the prescription the Lord will give you, in these days of drunkenness and debauchery, would be, "Drink no longer wine, but use a little water for thy stomach's sake."—*Major D. W. Whittle.*

If I am faithful to the duties of the present, God will provide for the future.—*Bedell.*

LIQUOR TRAFFIC TO CONGO.

Fresh proofs of the demoralization of the African tribes by spirituous liquors are being constantly received from missionaries and those engaged in the traffic, and are unhappily confirmed by the published statistics of importation. From every commercial nation strong drink is being poured into Africa, as a result of the failure of the Berlin Congress of 1884 to prohibit its importation into the Congo Free State. Holland and Germany, the two powers whose negative votes defeated the efforts of other members of the Congress to place an absolute bar upon the traffic, profit most largely by it, the latter being credited with 7,000,000 of the 10,000,000 gallons imported into Africa in 1886, and the former with 1,000,000 gallons. But the United States, to its shame be it said, ranks third in degree of guilt, having exported to Africa, in 1884-85 over 900,000 gallons, and Boston alone sent in 1886 two-thirds of that amount in a single cargo. Indeed, so large is the importation and so general the demoralization that has followed, that the largest demand now made upon trading-vessels is for strong drink, the ordinary articles of trade finding but a scanty market where liquor can be obtained. The chiefs along the coast region are rapidly becoming drunkards, and a degree of degradation is extending among the people even worse than that which followed the contact of the whites with the aborigines of our own country. Trading-vessels laden with cotton, hardware and other articles of legitimate traffic, are beaten in trade by those carrying spirits, and often forced to return with part of their cargoes, while their less scrupulous rivals reap a rich harvest. Indeed, so serious has this condition of things become that its continuance threatens not only the utter degradation and extinction of the natives, but to deprive civilized nations of any profitable and legitimate commerce. Happily, the attention of thinking men on both continents is being directed more and more to the necessity of prevention, and only recently the passage of a law prohibiting the exportation of spirits from our ports to Africa and the Pacific islands has been urged upon the Senate. The only real remedy, however, will be found to lie in international action, prohibition on the part of a few countries availing but little, if other nations are still left at liberty to carry on the traffic. With the demand already created, merchants will be found unscrupulous enough to supply it, and unless the sources are cut off by the agreement of nations, the supply will equal the demand. Unfortunately, if a recent circular issued by an English society may be credited, failure to reach such an agreement lies with the United States, which, while expressing approval of its intent, refused to enter into it. The refusal was doubtless grounded upon the Monroe doctrine, though the United States has made such treaties before, notably that with Russia in 1825, having reference to the aborigines of northwestern America.—*Interior.*

EASTER.

"Rejoice and be glad, the Saviour has come."
The winter is over, and the glad East-
ertime has come. The birds begin to
sing, the flowers to bloom, and every-
thing puts on new life and beauty. Easter
comes, bringing joy and gladness.
The festival of Easter is observed by
the Christian Church to commemorate
the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Jesus
had lain in the tomb for three days, and
when Mary Magdalene and the other
Mary came to see the sepulcher they
found it empty. The angel said: "He
is not here, he is risen," and then told
them to "go quickly and tell the disci-
ples," and "they did run." They did
not stop to do anything else, or stop on
the way, but just did what they were
told, and did it so quickly.

There are a great many people—children and grown folks, too—that know nothing about the risen Christ. What are you doing to tell them? Like the women, you must run quickly and tell, and that only means that you little children can do many things to help on Christ's kingdom.

The Russians have a very pretty custom about Easter. In the morning, when they first greet any member of their family, they say, "Christ is risen," just as you say, "Merry Christmas!"

Will you help to tell about the risen Christ? There are in this country more than ten millions of children between six and sixteen years. If each one of these (each one of you) should give even a penny a month, what a nice sum that would be to help send the news of a "risen Christ" to all the world around. I am sure you will help—

"For the gifts and prayers of the children
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a holy land."
—*Buffalo Advocate.*

The gold held by the Treasury in its vaults at Washington weighs 519 tons. If packed into ordinary carts, one ton to each cart, it would be a procession two miles long, allowing twenty feet of space for the movements of each horse and cart. The silver in the same vault weighs 7,396 tons. Measuring it in carts, as in the case of the gold, it would require the services of 7,396 horses and carts to transport it, and would make a procession over twenty-one miles in length.

TRUE EMINENCE.—Nothing can make a man truly great but being truly good and partaking of God's holiness.—*Matthew Henry.*

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No. 7 Montgomery Av., San Francisco, Cal.

NEWS ITEMS.

It is estimated that \$78,200,000 is spent every year for liquor in Pennsylvania, while the output in anthracite coal, their greatest industry, amounts to only \$69,995,000.

Within three months the Copenhagen (Denmark) midnight mission secured 150,000 signatures to a petition praying the government to abolish the state regulation of vice.

A prize of \$200 for an essay on the effects of smoking upon the health of literary men, and its probable ultimate results upon French literature, has been offered by an anti-tobacco society of France.

Messrs. Bischoff and Black concluded a series of revival meetings at Heyworth last month, which are spoken of as having been the means of leading many to a knowledge of the truth. They went from Heyworth to Gibson City, Ill.

California W. C. T. U. is circulating petitions asking the Southern Pacific Company to remove the bars from its hotels, the liquor saloons from its ferry-boats and railway stations, and to abolish the sale of wines and liquors from its buffet palace cars.

A petition was presented to the New York Board of Aldermen the other day from the "American Brotherhood of Steamboat Pilots," declaring that they are suffering from the electric lights on the river fronts because the glare and great reflection of these lights bewilder them in the wheel houses and endanger the lives of many thousands under their charge. They ask that the lights may be masked on the slide next to the water. The subject was referred to the Committee on Ferries.

At Emperor William's recent visit to Gastein he found on his table a letter addressed in very large characters, which proved to be from his five-year-old great-grandson William. An inclosure by his mother assured the Emperor that no one had dictated or even looked at the letter, the first production of the writer. "I fully believe it," the Emperor smilingly said, "for if she had seen it she would not have allowed it to be sent. In six lines my great-grandson makes nine demands."

Orders have been received by the revenue cutters *Bear* and *Richard Rush* and the man-of-war *Thetis* to cruise in the Behring Sea this summer to prevent private sealing. The vessels will fit out at once and probably leave for the north in the course of two or three weeks. It is expected that the cruiser *Charleston* will be ready for a trial trip by September or October. The engines and boilers are nearly ready to be placed in the vessel, and great progress is being made by the contractors.

A clear case of bribery has been exposed in Des Moines. Under an order of the court, three wholesale liquor establishments were seized by two constables. The officers then offered to dismiss the case for a consideration. A trap was laid for them, marked bills were paid as bribe money, and when it was well in hand, the officers were suddenly arrested, and taken into court with the evidence of their guilt upon their persons. One of the men tried to get rid of the evidence by throwing \$200 of the bribery bills in an alley, but the money was found. With such officers it will be a difficult matter for prohibition to prohibit.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—The death of Chief Justice Waite makes, under the practice of the Supreme Court, Justice Miller the Acting Chief Justice of the Court until such time as the President appoints a new Chief Justice. The body will probably be taken to Ohio after service in the Epiphany Episcopal Church. The deceased was a vestryman of that church. He and his friends were very popular in society here. They were unostentatious and very prominent in all charitable movements. When the announcement of Chief Justice Waite's death was made in the House this morning, that body adopted appropriate resolutions and decided to adjourn at once as a mark of respect and to attend the funeral in a body. The speaker will also appoint a special committee to attend.

MIKADO WANTS "THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT."

America leads all nations in doing good for humanity. The revolutionary and civil wars made the country strong in liberty and freedom, yet they were but beginning to build the nation upon God's design. The third is the temperance movement, which is now so strongly taking root in American thought. This mighty movement will purify the nation, and develop the great Republic into the highest civilization. On this important subject Senator Henry W. Blair has written the most magnificent book, "The Temperance Movement." This great book unfolds a clearer vision of the elevating power of men and the nation. This book has great power to illustrate and illuminate the temperance movement. Many friends in Japan requested me to get this magnificent book.

SHO NEMOTO,
University of Vermont.

Ugliness of the right sort is a kind of beauty. It has some of the best qualities of beauty—it attracts observation and fixes the memory.—Jean Ingelow.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, APRIL 8.

MATT. 23: 27-33.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

This lesson contains some of the most gentle and some of the most severe utterances of our Lord. In a very few sentences he passes from the one to the other, as if all the emotions which each style expresses were dwelling within him at the same moment. After describing the characters of those whom he addresses, in terms which men might rarely venture to use respecting their fellow-creatures, he pours out his strong desire for their salvation in just such words as we would expect to hear from one who was ready to die for sinners. His more severe expressions could hardly be uttered by men without some stirring-up of the less desirable emotions; but, in the infinite depths of the divine nature, justice and mercy may roll in their fullest volume and in perfect purity. It is only when the ocean rolls upon the shallows that its waters are muddy.

The description here given of hypocrites, if properly considered, would be a revelation to many who flatter themselves that they are very far from deserving such a title. Pointing to their lives, which, indeed, "appear beautiful" to themselves, and often so to others, and comparing them with the lives of some who profess to be Christians, they claim a degree of sincerity which they deny to their more devout neighbors. But the teachings of this passage require that we ought not only to "appear righteous unto men," but also to be, in spirit, in harmony with the will of God. This involves faith in Christ, love for him, repentance of sin, prayer for the help of the Holy Spirit, and, in short, all that is included in the character of a Christian. Then will that which is within be in harmony with that which is without, and all be sincere; but to borrow from Christian society the customs and the maxims that keep us from heathenism, to praise the "sermon on the mount," and, by denying the divinity of Christ, call him a liar who uttered it, to talk of the mercy of God and repudiate the Scriptures, from which we get our knowledge of it, this is to make that which is within at strife with that which is without, and so answer to the description which Christ gives of hypocrites. From this lesson we learn that the hypocrites are more outside of the church than in it.

This lesson also teaches the way in which we may become responsible for the sins of other people. The blood of Abel was shed centuries before the birth of these people, and the prophets were slain by their fathers; but their descendants were cherishing the same feelings and the same rebellion against the authority of God that led to these acts. They stood in such moral relations as would have led them to the same acts if they had been there. It is not necessary that one write a note, or with his own hand, fill out the form of a deed, in order to be held responsible for the contents. His name, signed without compulsion, is enough. By their thoughts and their acts these people indorsed the deeds of those who were gone before, and so the guilt of these deeds came upon them. It is also supposed that the punishment for these sins, as far as it related to national affairs, came upon that generation in the overthrow of Jerusalem, with the attendant calamities. The danger of indorsing sin by thought or by act is no less than the danger in committing it.

This lesson also shows the strong and unflinching love of Christ for a sinful race. It flowed forth in most tender expressions of interest for those who were filling up their measure of iniquity and standing on the verge of that punishment from which they would not flee. The sun pours floods of warmth and light upon the naked rock and the restless ocean, while they bring forth no flower or fruit. It does not need to save its rays for more productive regions; neither does Christ deal out his love in narrow veins, aimed carefully so as to hit those who are willing to be blessed thereby. That love which "passeth knowledge" is wider than the earth and broader than the heavens. It offers life to all, and is enough for all. But this lesson also teaches us that there is a strange power in the sinful heart to resist the power of this love. Those words in the 37th verse, "I would" and "Ye would not" cover a wide range of truth. They honor the character of Christ, and place all the responsibility of loss and ruin upon the shoulders of those who reject him. There is sometimes a weak attempt at argument, by which thoughtless persons are deceived. The words of Scripture which teach that God would have all men to be saved are placed by the side of those that declare that the will of God will be done, and then a conclusion is drawn which is quite contrary to the doctrine of this lesson; but Christ knew of a power that could resist his will. Some things are not left in the hands of men. The forces that will at last subdue all the earth to the rule of the divine law will be so arranged that where power is needed to overthrow evil, it will be so used; and where the truth needs help to place it upon an eternal foundation, it will be so used. But when we come to the building up of individual character, there must be a willing yielding to the heavenly influences. Forced obedience is not acceptable to God. Cattle can be driven to the slaughter-pen, or even forced to the region of rich pastures; but man cannot be forced to sainthood nor driven to heaven. The love of Christ will draw, but it cannot drive. It is not from any

lack of love or of power that the longing of the divine heart was not gratified in the case of these people, but only because they kept themselves out of the one path that leads to heaven.

REPORT OF THE STATISTICAL SECRETARY.

The National Council at Chicago voted that the statistical year of our Year Book be the civil year. The General Association of California at Woodland, 1887, voted to make the statistical year the civil year, beginning January 1, 1889. On the 3d of May, 1887, the Congregational churches in the seven southern counties of California united to form the General Congregational Association of Southern California. The undersigned gathered and tabulated the statistics (as usual) for the year ending September 1st. It was found after the meeting at Woodland that the General Association of Southern California contemplated at once making the statistical year the civil year, and that it was the desire of these brethren that the statistics of their churches be published (for the present) with the minutes of the General Association of California. It was decided, therefore, by the Committee on Publication to defer the printing of the minutes of the meeting at Woodland until after January 1st.

The undersigned, accordingly, has gathered and tabulated the statistics a second time within four months, and now presents the record of sixteen months, ending January 1, 1888. Hereafter, the statistical year will be the civil year.

Thanks are extended to the pastors and clerks of churches for their co-operation in this second gathering of statistics, and to Rev. E. R. Brainerd, Statistical Secretary of the Association of Southern California, for assistance received.

A few churches reported September 1, 1887, but no report was received from them January 1, 1888. The September reports, in such cases, appear in the tables, and a year hence they will be requested to make out their reports for sixteen months to January 1, 1889. A few reported specifications of benevolence to September 1st. To facilitate the labor of bringing the report down to January 1st, these reports were returned to the pastors or clerks. As no duplicates were returned to the Secretary, and as no further reports have been received from those churches, their benevolence (to September 1st) appears unspecified.

The work of collecting and tabulating the statistics this second time has been especially complicated and perplexing, owing to a great variety of reasons. The cause for delay in sending the tables to the printers does not rest with the Secretary.

Turning now to the tables, it will be seen that of the 131 churches in the State, 31 (marked with a *) are united in the new Association of Southern California. In this field are 1,800 church members. Sixteen months ago (September 1, 1886), there were only 900 members. Los Angeles has more than doubled her membership. San Diego, then without a Congregational church, has a membership of 174, and is about organizing a second church. There has been progress, too, though in less degree, in various parts of the State. There has been a net increase of 1,200 in membership, and the aggregate now reaches 8,508.

Nineteen new churches have been formed. Revivals and revival interest have enlarged and quickened some of our churches. Alameda reports 20 additions on confession of faith; Clayton, 21; Hayward, 14; Oakland, First, 47; Plymouth-avenue, 10; Rio Vista, 10; Sacramento, 20; San Francisco, First, 94; Plymouth, 16; Third, 21; Fourth, 20; Bethany, 35; Olivet, 13; Swedish, 15; Santa Cruz, 23; Woodland, 20. In some of the Southern churches there have also been many additions on confession.

Organization among young people has been characteristic of the year. A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is found in many a church, which it has strengthened by the activity of its members.

The Young Ladies' Branch of the W. B. M. P. is also establishing auxiliaries in the churches, and the cause of missions gains from the prayers, the labors and the gifts of the young people.

In educational work, the year has been marked by the incorporation of Pomona College, a Congregational institution at Pomona, Los Angeles county. The trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary have been made glad by the receipt of a scholarship of \$4,000 from Mrs. Frances S. Benton, given in memory of her father, Enos Sargent, and by the receipt of another scholarship of less amount from a friend of the Seminary. They still wait and pray that God will raise up friends for the endowment of a professorship that greatly needs endowment.

The eyes of the nation are turned toward California. Its sons and daughters are flocking to the State. It is a time for prayer, for work, for giving. God hear our prayer, God bless our work, God open our hands to give, that the plaintive cry from a hundred home missionary fields may be changed to a glad song of thanksgiving! But how shall they hear, except they be sent? And how shall they be sent and sustained, except they give liberally?

H. E. JEWETT,
Statistical Secretary.

The Prohibition State Convention meets in this city April 4th.

BROTHER BRISTOL'S BOOK.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Permit me to say that one of the most readable books that has come into my hands in many a day is the "Pioneer Preacher" by Rev. S. Bristol of the Congregational Church. The scenes and incidents in the eventful life of the accomplished author are most graphically told. It seems strange that as late as 1834 he should have been expelled from Phillips Academy for believing and teaching that American slavery was wrong! But Oberlin was open to him, and after graduation and two years spent in New Haven Theological Seminary, he had the satisfaction of being called to the pastorate of a church in Andover, where he had for his hearers the professors who expelled him from Phillips Academy for denying the right of any man to hold human beings in slavery. Mr. Bristol writes like a conscientious and fearless man. His moral courage was equal to his physical bravery, and woe betide the Western bully who undertook to break up his meetings, or to override human rights. Anyone taking up this book will be loth to lay it down, even to eat or sleep, until the last sentence is reached. Any of your readers, who have not yet read the book, do not know what a rich treat is in store for them.

A METHODIST.

Archbishop Riordan of the Catholic diocese is ill from over-work, and physicians have ordered retirement and rest. Vicar-General Prendergast and Archbishop Casanova of Guatemala will attend to affairs of the diocese during Archbishop Riordan's absence from duty.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco, as second-class matter.

THE PACIFIC CLUBBING LIST.

We will send the PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

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REMOVAL NOTICE.

757 Market street, San Francisco, is known to most Pacific Coast residents as the Bible House. Here has been for many years the Depository of the American Tract Society, California Bible Society, American Sunday-School Union, and a general headquarters for the people of the various denominations represented on the Coast. Arrangements have been made for a removal to 735 Market street, April 1st, where we shall have better facilities for the display of stock, filling of orders, and general management of the business. Thanking you for past patronage, we shall hope for a continuance of favors in our new location.—Geo. C. McConnell, Depository.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ALEXANDER McLEA, DECEASED.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor and executor of the estate of Alexander McLea, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the executor and executor at Rooms 42 and 43, No. 330 Pine street, in the city and county of San Francisco, the same being the office of R. Thompson, attorney-at-law, and the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

DAVID KERR, Executor,
AGNES M. McLEA, Executrix,
Of the Estate of Alexander McLea, Deceased.
March 21, 1888.

Regarding the Eastern excursion, of which we made note last week, we learn that Mr. McConnell has secured a promise of cars to be run through from Oakland to Council Bluffs without any change—an arrangement which will, no doubt, save much annoyance to parties taking the trip. Another special feature will be a stop over the Sabbath at Salt Lake City—make a full rest day, without expense, except for meals. Persons contemplating an Eastern trip will do well to write to or see Mr. McConnell, at 735 Market street (Bible House has removed from 757 to 735).

Used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and it cured me completely of Catarrh. I had this complaint seven years and could not get anything to do me any good before. Ely's Cream Balm cured me sound and well. I will warrant it to be a sure cure for those diseases for which it is recommended. If parties doubt this let them write to me and I will answer them.—Chas. W. Cargill, Great Eastern Mine, Guernseyville, Sonoma Co., Cal.

The whole country is finding out that the best place to buy dry fruit is at Smith's Cash Store, 418 Front street. Apples, 2½¢, 5¢, 8¢ and 10¢; fine evaporated, 14¢ and 15¢; Raisins, 8¢ and 10¢; Imported Prunes, 7¢ and 8¢; finest California, 9¢ and 10¢. Figs, 5¢ and 6¢; handsomely boxed, 6¢, 7¢ and 8¢. Grapes, 3¢ and 4¢. Raisins, 5¢ to 8¢. Alden Apples, 10¢; 10¢ higher in broken lots.

The Atlantic Monthly for April has "The First Crisis of the American Revolution," by John Fiske, and other prose articles, among which are an elaborate review of the new book of poems by Mr. James Russell Lowell, and a review of the new "Life of Darwin." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Where shall I buy a good hat?" "At Herrmann's, 336 Kearny street," is our ready reply. We wear his hats, and so do very many of our friends, and are satisfied.

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Apples, Sun-dried, 2 1-2¢, 5¢, 8¢, 10¢	Figs, 5¢, 6¢
Do, Fine Evaporated, 14¢, 15¢	Do, Extra, 7¢, 8¢
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Do, Blended Fine, 12 1-2¢, 15¢	Raisins, 5¢, 6¢, 7¢, 8¢
Do, Peeled, 15¢, 18¢	Do, Layers, Boxes, \$1.50, \$2.00
Do, Peeled, Figs in, 7¢, 8¢	Pears, 5¢, 6¢, 8¢, 10¢
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Alden Apples, 10¢	Do, Fine California, 5¢, 6¢, 10¢
Cherries, Figs in, 8¢	

Send for the higher grades, and we guarantee satisfaction or return the money. The very cheapest Peaches and Apples are dark and not very good. Raisins, in 5-pound boxes, 35¢, 40¢, 60¢; in 10-pound boxes, 60¢, 75¢, \$1; in 20-pound boxes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2. Above quotations are for sacks or boxes. Broken packages, 10 per cent higher. Send at once. Stocks are becoming reduced every day.

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